

A BISHOP'S PLEASAUNCE

BY THE RIGHT REV.

GEORGE H. FRODSHAM

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"The pleasaunce of this book is nothing less than the world itself—Lincolnshire, Australia, Japan, the South Seas, and, what is almost as important, a very spacious domain in the literature of England . . . Here are some true documents of a 'Bush Bishop'; and even, in those pages which deal with other countries and topics than the Bush, a book which is salted continually with humour and hard sense won from the life and atmosphere of the Bush."

Saturday Review.

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A BISHOP'S PLEASAUNCE

“ So having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed
They back returned to the princely place.”

—*The Faerie Queene.*



Lafayette, Belfast, Photo.

Geny St Andrewham

A
BISHOP'S PLEASAUNCE

BY
GEORGE H. FRODSHAM

CANON OF GLOUCESTER
LATE BISHOP OF NORTH QUEENSLAND

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONDON
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A DEDICATION

THIS book has been written, as the title suggests, for my own pleasure, and not as one of my tasks in life. More serious subjects I have entered elsewhere, and doubtless my work has received the fate it deserved. I shall be repaid abundantly if this volume gives pleasure to my fellow-countrymen when they seek to unbend from the sterner duties and anxieties of these stern and anxious days. I shall be happy if I cheat at least one sad face of a smile.

Most of the articles in this book have been written in England. Some have been published already, and I have made dutiful acknowledgment to the various editors who have kindly allowed me to republish, but I have written such articles afresh, or I have added fresh matter to them. One, in its original form, was drafted in pencil on the backs of soiled envelopes, with a saddle for a desk and the flicker of the camp fire for a lamp. As I turn my face to-day to look at the smouldering logs upon the hearth, I can see it all again—the sky alight with myriads of white stars ; the dusty earth feeling soft as velvet

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in the dark ; the forest trees massed black and forbidding ; the camp fire quivering into white ash. There are two prostrate figures somewhere close by, rolled in dark grey blankets with their heads covered, as though they were dead men waiting for burial. The bush would be as still as death, but in the distance there is the faint ghostly sound of clanking irons. It comes from the hobbled horses as they search for food—moving with little awkward leaps among the shadowed trees.

This afternoon it has been easier to dream than to work. A gale has been blowing all the day, and night is drawing in with mingled rain and sleet. The trees bend to and fro in their hour of adversity. The leaves that once clapped their hands in the gaiety of youth are being whirled across the lawn, whither I know not. The fire within leaps fitfully with tiny billowing puffs of smoke. As I lean forward to look into it there gather around me a multitude of many peoples and tongues. They are all the friends that ever I made. Before they leave me let me salute my friends, and pray them, once again, if they are able, to show their accustomed kindness towards me when they read these pages that I dedicate to them--and to their memory.

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THE NEVER NEVER

“ Out on the wastes of the Never Never,
That’s where the dead men lie ;
That’s where the heat waves dance for ever,
That’s where the dead men lie ;
That’s where the earth’s loved sons are keeping
Endless tryst ; not the west wind, sweeping
Feverish pinions, can wake their sleeping—
Out where the dead men lie.”

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A MISGUIDED young Scot, at the commencement of the great drought, came to a North Queensland sheep station in search of a fortune. Shortly after his arrival he announced to the station manager his intention of returning to his native land. The country, he said in awestruck tones, was "too vast." The reason does not at first sight seem conclusive, but anyone who has been on the great western plains, and has the imagination to project the hot dusty landscape, with its brown grass and dancing mirage, for hundreds of miles on every side—who has realised that the plains are flanked by yet wider wastes of forest, where great gaunt gums cast their scant shade upon the tussocky earth, where an undergrowth is formed of trees in various stages of adolescence—can sympathise with the young Scot. For days and weeks it is possible to ride, and see as through a kaleidoscope—bush, plain, and sandy creek in everchanging sameness. Queensland is indeed vast, with a vastness that impresses, and at times appals, the imagination.

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It is never very wise to mention distances to English people, to whom size is as incomprehensible as the fourth dimension. A well-known Regius Professor at Oxford is reported to have said, as the result of long experience, that he confidently expected one statement from every Colonial bishop he met. It was that the particular bishop's diocese was so many times larger than England. The multiple varied, but the comparison remained unchanged. It therefore requires a certain amount of moral courage for a one-time "Colonial" bishop to call attention to the fact that Australia is essentially a land of far distances. This is perhaps more obviously true in Queensland than "down below," as northerners not overpolitely call the Southern States. The size of northern "selections," for instance, is proverbial throughout the commonwealth, yet probably few Australians realise that there are outpost cattle stations each including country to the extent of between 1800 and 3000 square miles. These stations maybe reached sometimes by coach and waggon, but there comes a point when both these means of locomotion must give place to saddle and pack-horse.

Along the coaching roads there are usually small wooden inns or shelter-houses, made indiscriminately of roof-iron, canvas, dried boughs, and

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hessian stretched over a wooden framework. Here rough food and a limited supply of beds may be obtained ; but these adjuncts of civilisation soon disappear. Then the traveller must carry his “ tucker ” and “ swag,” or, in other words, he must provide his own food, and carry a blanket rolled up in a square of canvas, which will form his seat by day and his bed at night. His culinary utensils are equally simple. All that he requires is a billy-can to boil the water, a pannikin to hold his tea, a knife, a fork, and a plate—although the fork and the plate are usually omitted for the obvious reason that they require carrying. Indigestible dampers may be baked, and meat can be cooked after a fashion, in the white aromatic ashes of the eucalyptus wood from which the camp fires are made. But hunger is a good sauce, and covers many culinary imperfections.

Some of the pleasantest memories of my life are associated with such journeys outside the circle of civilisation. It is an unwritten law that the traveller must never pass water in the afternoon unless he is certain of reaching another spring or water-hole before sundown. A breach of this law brings its own punishment, for a “ dry camp ” is not a pleasant experience. Sometimes it is unavoidable. Then is experienced the never-to-be-

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forgotten abomination of drinking water that tastes of "warm horse"! The water-bottle is of canvas backed with leather, usually, and it hangs by the side of the saddle. Hence its characteristic. But granted a water-hole is reached; after the horses have been watered, the wood gathered, the camp fire lighted, the meal prepared and eaten, there is no rest so pleasant as that obtained by lying upon the ground with a bundle of blankets for an arm-rest, and the flickering fire making an arched chamber out of the soft darkness of the tropical night. Many strange men have gathered around those fires, and having partaken of simple hospitality, have abundantly repaid their host with the strangest tales and the most independent criticisms. The conversation of one untidy old bushman occurs to me as I write. He was commenting upon the evil of railway construction, and opined that when the country was opened thus for commerce it was ruined, and that the time had come for enlightened citizens like himself to "make tracks." The reason he assigned for disliking steam locomotion was even more impressive than his prejudice against it. Let him speak for himself: "Bishop, did you know as whenever a railway starts there's allus a murder?" I remarked that I had not noticed the immediate

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connection between murder and locomotives, although I believed that railway accidents were not infrequently fatal. My evasion was put aside firmly—"But there is, I tell yer. Why, on the very day the Chillagoe line was opened there was a man murdered his mate in Rockhampton. I tell yer there's no good in railways. They're no use to Australia." The coincidence was unknown to me before my friend enlightened me. It becomes more impressive when the additional fact is realised that Chillagoe railway station is separated by full five hundred miles of mountain and sea from the scene of the alleged murder! My friend is still "outside," strong in his convictions, and outside he will remain until he is brought into the Townsville Hospital to die. Unless, which is not unlikely, he starts his final journey alone from the bank of some water-hole. It was a usual custom of mine to have evening prayer wherever I might be at night, and never have I had more reverent fellow-worshippers than those rough, solitary dwellers in a barren and dry land. After prayers and a final pipe we would roll in our blankets, say good-night, and sleep dreamlessly until waked by daybreak and the flies.

Provided there is fairly good water, there is no real hardship travelling for nine months of the

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year. The climate in the west is dry and bright, although at times it is very hot by day or very cold by night. There are no noisome beasts, with the exception perhaps of a few dingoes who yelp at the fire from a safe distance. The snakes, numerous as they undoubtedly are, usually reciprocate human disinclination for their company. Mosquitoes are not very plentiful away from the coast, but the flies, especially on the plains, are appalling. They are there in myriads. They attack the eyes. They crawl up the nostrils and into the ears. They fight with offensive zeal for their share in whatever food is going. In short, they are a pest to man and beast. One thing alone may be said in their favour—they rest at night. But as soon as the first curve of the sun appears above the horizon they rise noisily and in clouds from the earth to recommence their daily task of persecution.

An attractive feature is the absence of fear in the native animals. To a certain extent this is a characteristic of all Australian fauna, and it must need a very stern sportsman to shoot a native bear, which, without the slightest attempt at escape, turns on the gum tree bough to look with puzzled wistfulness at the unfamiliar creature below. The same is true to a less degree of that most inquisitive amongst animals, the kangaroo. Kangaroos have

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been known to come almost within "putting distance" of a traveller, but the professional sportsman is rapidly discouraging marsupial curiosity, and at the same time is reducing the number of these interesting survivals of a bygone age. Australian birds are equally fearless. Travelling in the far north-west of Queensland in 1904, I camped for a night by a creek where a small trough contained the only surface water for probably twenty or thirty miles around. The next morning while I performed my toilet at the rough basin there were beside me thousands of painted finches, ignorant of the uncertain temper of man, who took no more notice of me than of some friendly animal. They vociferously disputed with me for the complete possession of their bathing-pond as they played and flirted in the water. The whole scene was radiant with joy and beauty.

It is both strange and remarkable how the evening light beautifies the bush in tropical Australia. It has a rich orange quality like the Egyptian light. Places which are little removed from hideousness in the day suddenly possess, about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, a bewitching charm. The bright clear air; the brilliancy of the moonlight; the aroma of the eucalyptus trees, especially the "fragrant gum"; the sense of in-

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finite extent and infinite repose given by the great stillness and loneliness of the bush—all these things may seem inconsiderable to the reader who has never experienced them. Their memory can give exquisite pain to the man who knows. He can never forget that

“He has seen the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended ;

And, at night, the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.”

If for nine months in the year travelling is comparatively easy, the remaining three months present to those who move about the country discomforts and dangers difficult to realise except by experience. The tropical rainy season normally commences in January and ends in April. During that period the traveller by coach must be prepared to work hard, breaking with a tomahawk the heavy black soil which every few yards cakes so thickly upon the wheels that they cannot revolve. The luckless workman drags the while at his own feet an ever-gathering load of mother earth, and after a day's fatigue flings down his swag, and, lying upon the sodden grounds, sinks deeper and deeper into his own form until the morning brings the grey light of another muggy day.

During the wet season the wide, dry, sandy

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watercourses of winter are changed into raging, rushing rivers. It needs courage to face a river a mile wide, even though by far the greater part of that distance is little more than a fetlock deep. Far more dangerous are the narrow creeks with narrower crossings, where the horses' heads must be resolutely kept up-stream, or they will drift to death amongst the uprooted trees lying hidden beneath the surging flood. One Sunday morning one of our clergy put his horse to a flooded river that separated him from a certain township where he was to give a monthly service. The water was deeper than it appeared to be, and both horse and rider were quickly struggling in the stream. Happily the river was comparatively clear of snags, but it was half a mile before the rider, taking advantage of a projecting bough, was able to steer his almost beaten steed into a backwash, and so to reach the shore. The pair landed upon the same bank from which they had entered the water, and as a second attempt to cross could not be thought of, there was no hope of reaching his original destination that day. The redoubtable cleric, after a brief survey of the situation, decided to ride to another township on the same side of the river, where, to the surprise of the inhabitants, he expressed a desire to hold a service. The

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surprise, it is only fair to say, was solely due to the schedule for a monthly service being disturbed, while it is not a little interesting to record that the only local comments upon the adventurous ride, that reached me, were concerned with the hardship to the horse. The pluck and determination of the rider counted for nothing in a land where every man reckons to take his life in his hands as a part of his daily task.

Even the wet season has some compensations. There is plenty of water, and scarcity of water at other times is the greatest danger the bushman has to meet. It goes without saying that in the dry season the water is far from good. During one journey I had to choose between the respective merits of two small and excessively dirty pools in a sandy river-bottom. In one pool there was a dead bullock, and the other was covered with green slime. Needless to say, I took the latter, and, having skimmed the surface, filled my billy-can with unsavoury water. The tea, I remember, was a little thick—but we were very thirsty. On the same journey there were several dry stages of over thirty miles in length, and we counted ourselves happy not only that the stages were so short, but even more that we never failed to find water at the end of them.

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There is one track that has been called a road of death. It has justified its name by the tale of bushmen travelling alone upon it, who never reached their destination. The manner in which death overtook them would be distressingly simple—the water-hole relied upon was dry, the real track was missed, or the horses were lost. The last of these causes is the most common. When a camp is made at night the horses are duly watered, hobbled, and turned out to pick up a meal for themselves. They usually feed back along the road by which they came, and it is surprising how far a hobbled horse can travel by little leaps through the night. At earliest daybreak the bushman sets out to find the horses. Wonderfully quick in eye or ear, he can see the faintest track and hear the softest sound. But some morning there is no track to see, and no sound to hear. Then the unfortunate wanders farther and farther in his search, until the bush swallows him up. He decides, perchance, to return to his camp to make a fresh start, but he cannot find his trail. The trees are all alike, and there are no landmarks. Suddenly the horror of his position strikes him, and he hurries forward with a dreadful inclination towards the right or left, upon the trail that leads to death. This is no imaginary case. It has

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occurred over and over again. One distressing feature of such deaths by thirst is that the victim strips himself naked just before the end comes. I have no explanation to give. I only record a fact known to all who have lived in the Never Never.

One of the most beautiful adjuncts of the western plain is the mirage, although it seldom deceives a real bushman unless he is looking for water he knows is not far off. In North Queensland the mirage very frequently takes the shape of a lake lying without a ripple in the sunshine. The trees—real trees—are seen inverted, not in the water but upon the hot layer of air next the ground. Yet the image can be discerned as clearly as Friar's Crag is seen reflected in the still bosom of Derwentwater. Driving once on the hot Cloncurry road, in the clouds of dust that at times enveloped and hid the leaders' heads, I saw a mile away a replica of Lake Wendaree in Victoria. But the mile, when travelled, only brought another reach of dusty, sunbaked, scantily-timbered country, and the phantom lake, bearing another and unfamiliar shape, lay a mile ahead. At other times the mirage takes the form of the drifting smoke of one of those terrible fires that leap at horsemen speeding over the plains. It is hard for a stranger

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to believe that there is no fire when the phantom smoke drifts before his eyes. Like another traveller, I have turned aside to see this strange sight. The great Australian painter of the future must certainly reckon with the mirage, for it makes houses on the plains look like indistinct masses of forest upon the horizon, and plants the trees in the distance like mangrove swamps in patches of phantom water.

The loneliness of the far western bush is almost past belief. It is possible to ride or drive the whole day along a beaten track without meeting a solitary soul, or without seeing a single sign of human habitation. The boundary rider of a cattle station may do his work day after day, and only speak to a fellow-man in his fortnightly or monthly visit to headquarters for rations. A groom at one of the mail changes on the track to the Georgina watershed once told me that he could never reckon upon seeing a fellow-creature except twice in each week, and that was when the mailman on his bi-weekly journey stayed for half an hour to change horses. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that some of these solitaires came to resent the visit of strangers in a similar spirit to that which made a disturber of traffic out of a solitary lighthouse-keeper in the Flores Straits. Like St. Francis these men talk to the birds and the trees. Harmless

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as this habit may seem, it is safe only in the bush. In town it impresses unfavourably the matter-of-fact policeman who, when he hears the monologue, halts between two opinions as to its cause. The man must be mad or drunk, and in either case he should be "run in."

It must not be thought for one moment that the men and women in the far west are mainly solitary eccentrics. The vast majority are brave, resourceful, and self-reliant to a very high degree, and their constant struggle with Nature has produced a fortitude that commands respectful admiration. Even more marvellous than the fortitude of the men is the patient courage of the women. They do not go into the Never Never for adventure or for a living, but for love's own sake, and there are few places where love demands a more complete self-surrender. The tropical climate in India is always most trying to women, but in India good houses and numerous servants lighten the white woman's burden. There are few servants in the Never Never, although the uncertain services of a black gin are sometimes to be obtained. There may be no medical man for a hundred miles, and no other white woman for full half that distance. There is no sacrifice so complete as that given, not to the Empire but

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for the Empire, in the love of the wives and mothers.

Those who have experienced the generous hospitality of some Victorian pastoralist may have been surprised at the beauty of the homestead and the high standard of culture to be found within. But the North Queensland stations are not like those in Victoria and New South Wales. The squatters are often cultivated gentlemen, but their homesteads cannot be called luxurious, and in some cases are little more than a collection of huts. As a case in point, I remember reaching a certain cattle station beyond Cloncurry about half-past nine one night, after a long and extremely tiresome journey. One of the horses had given in, but we had pressed on in the moonlight rather than make a "dry camp." The homestead was in darkness, but as we drew near two or three ghostly figures rose from the dusty ground to greet us, and half a dozen more turned on their sides to watch our approach. One of those who met us was the owner of the station, who had been sleeping under a wide and starry sky, like some old-world patriarch surrounded by his men—whites, aborigines, half-castes, and a Chinese cook. No, the latter slept amongst the ashes in his kitchen. All the hospitality possible was given freely and

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willingly, but there was no conversation. We were tired, and our host was silent, as men are who live much alone. There were no women on this particular station, and the men were seldom at the homestead. The mustering of cattle took them far afield, and they sleep wherever sundown finds them.

Many years ago, when I was a curate in Yorkshire, a friend compared most unfavourably the suburban congregation to whom I ministered with his own parishioners, who were chiefly navvies. He said he preferred the navvies because all their sins were big sins. The reason sounded somewhat heretical then, but I know better now what was in my friend's mind, for the prevailing sins of North Queensland are unmistakable. One of these is drunkenness; added to it is blasphemy, and an inveterate passion for gambling. Yet, withal, there is to be found a certain nobility of character, often lacking in those who are more conventionally moral. The men in the Never Never are loyal to their friends, and as a rule are ready to risk their lives without a second thought. There is something very fine in the character revealed in a story once told to me, and which I believe to be true. Two friends took a contract to fence some country lying about fifty miles away from a bush township. The drought had not then

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broken, so the men took no horses. Rations were delivered to them from the township twice a month. By a sorry mischance a tree falling upon one of these men broke his thigh. His friend dared not leave him to the mercy of the ants and crows, so, after a vain attempt to set the fracture, he determined to carry the wounded man into the hospital. The journey took four days—or rather nights, for when the summer *shade* temperature varies from 100° to 120°, it is more convenient to travel between sundown and sunrise—but in the end the wounded man was duly delivered to the hospital surgeon. His mate did not consider that there was anything surprising or praiseworthy in his own act, but that night he proceeded to make himself completely drunk. While in that condition he got into serious complications with the police. It was once suggested to me that I should have rebuked the man for his intemperance. A sense of humility, I think, would have deterred me if I had ever met him, which I never did. A man like that was not far from the root of the matter. None the less, I was for ever speaking about the folly of intemperance. The pity of it! These men so often pass their lives in a succession of titanic labours followed by shameful orgies in some low public-house. They spend all they earn on drink,

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and when they can earn no more they drift like human flotsam to a familiar water-hole. One night they turn for the last time upon the warm bosom of mother earth, forgetful and forgotten. It must not be thought that these men are heroes, or that they are wrapped in any romantic glamour. Probably they themselves would abusively reject such a conception, and from experience I can testify that it is not always easy to regard calmly their moral vagaries. While camping for the night at a western coach change, three or four drunken shearers once forced themselves into my rough bedchamber seeking vainly for more beer. It was with difficulty that I persuaded them to depart with my water-bottle.

Such is the Never Never. And yet, when it is sought, the Never Never is like the fabled land of Lyonesse. Ten years ago Cammooweal was the outpost township in Queensland, on the borders of the northern territory. It is now part of the railway system. Then it was a fortnight's journey from the coast, and the track was not an easy one to find. On the coast people spoke of this little township as the capital of the Never Never. The inhabitants themselves indignantly scouted the idea. Why, did they not possess an hotel, a court-house, a police station, two stores, and a

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population of a hundred and fifty souls? The idea was preposterous. There was a station a week's ride out west. That was in the Never Never, if I liked. And so like the mirage this strange land always shimmered just a little ahead. When any place of its apparent abiding was approached the everchanging sameness of the bush asserted itself, but the Never Never was still at the back of beyond.

THE MEN HEMMED IN BY THE
SPEARS

“ Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers,
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years—
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in by the
spears,
Of these shall . . . my tales be told.”—JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE MEN HEMMED IN BY THE SPEARS

THERE is usually a marked difference between the pioneers of colonisation and those who follow after. The second comers are without doubt the stuff from which a settled community is best made. They are usually more sober, more consistently regular in their work, more true to the type of older communities, than are their predecessors. But their figures are more drab—less interesting.

During the decade I spent wandering to and fro on the face of tropical Australia I saw the old order slowly changing. It has not yet quite gone, but one by one the old hands are “crossing the great divide”—to use their own metaphor with its faint aroma of the gum trees on the mountain ranges that once separated the colonists from their land of pastoral promise. The successful men die in their southern homes—for as a rule these leave the north to build themselves mansions near Melbourne, or homes by one of the landlocked inlets of Sydney Cove. The unsuccessful ones do as they have often done before. They start out alone on

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their last journey. The busy world who follow in their footsteps quickly forget the men who found and blazed the track. When they read in the papers that such and such an "early citizen" died at the local hospital, or was found dead in his solitary camp, they remember for a while, and then again forget. Yet not infrequently the battered old derelict was one whose name will live in the nomenclature of mountains, rivers, lakes, and plains.

The story of Australian exploration holdeth alike old men from the chimney corner and children from their play. It is a record of men who knew how to face failure, and, when necessary, to die with dignity. Someone has tried to count how many hundred places in Australia rejoice in the descriptive cognisance of Sandy Creek. Who has reckoned how many mountains, gullies, and flats testify by their names to the desolation of the scene, or to the despair of those who first gazed upon it?

As an example of undaunted courage it would be difficult to surpass that shown by Burke and Wills in their dramatic dash across the continent from south to north. Much of the country over which they travelled I know well. It is not all easy to travel now. What it was like then God only knows. The dash from Cooper's Creek in South Queensland to the Gulf of Carpentaria was

THE MEN HEMMED IN BY THE SPEARS

magnificent, but it was not marked by even moderate precaution. The explorers took only three months' provision with them! One by one their camels were exhausted, and when the last camel sank on its knees Burke and Wills took their only horse to carry a small quantity of stores, and, leaving Gray and King behind, set out by themselves on foot. Not long afterwards the horse became inextricably bogged. Still the two pressed on. At last they reached a narrow inlet in the Gulf of Carpentaria, where the noble river they had followed sagged into mangrove swamps and sand. The plains through which they had passed are covered now by sheep. The broken country is intersected by railways and dotted with mining townships. The Flinders and Leichhardt Rivers are flanked by cattle-stations. But the salt-pans guarding the sand-shoals of the Gulf are as forbidding as they were when the first white men saw them—and turned back. There are

“Miles and miles and miles of desolation,
Leagues on leagues of land without a change.”

The story of the return is almost too painful to tell. One after the other blundered, and despite their magnificent courage the bush swallowed them up. Gray was the first to die. Then Wills was left, tenderly enough, with a bag of lily-roots close to his

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head, while Burke and King started on their forlorn hope for help. Then Burke died. And the relief party found King only alive. He was sitting in a native hut—pale, haggard, and wasted to a shadow.

The aborigines, in the case of Burke and Wills, were not unkind. King, after he had cured their chief of a simple malady, was a great favourite in one tribe near Cooper's Creek in South Queensland. But by coming into their midst unasked, without proper formalities, the explorers contravened the rigid social laws of the most primitive and conservative race in the world. Sometimes, also, their belongings irresistibly tempted cupidity. So in another expedition the explorer Baxter was speared by the blacks, and his companion, Eyre, passed a night beside the dead body of his friend, peering into the darkness. As a rule the aborigines do not attack at night, but the tension of watching for them in the velvet darkness—for it is unsafe to light a fire—has to be experienced to be understood. Eyre wrote in his diary: "Ages can never efface the horrors of that single night."

To those who are in the least familiar with the map of Australia, Cape York points like a huge finger towards that quarter of the globe where lurks the "yellow peril." The Cape York peninsula in itself has little to attract humanity, yellow or white,

THE MEN HEMMED IN BY THE SPEARS

but there are few parts of Australia where the aborigines contended more fiercely against the early pioneers—explorers, miners, and pastoralists. Their glory has departed, but stories of the fierce old days are still told in Cooktown and behind the Laura ranges. The miners blundered more often than not towards their fate. Kennedy, the man who first explored the York peninsula, was a capable and alert bushman. He had almost completed his task, and was only a few miles from the headland when an unseen hand hurled a spear from amongst the trees. So he died. And thus the map of Australia was filled in.

The primary result of these explorations has been a magnificent achievement. In little over a century a continent, almost as large as Europe, has been organised throughout. Although it may not be practicable for wayfaring men to walk, at least in moderate comfort, from Cape York to the Leeuwin, yet peace and justice rule throughout the land. In the southern parts the development has been phenomenally satisfactory. In the tropics the work of colonisation is still in its tentative stages, but the task is not so grim as it was even ten years ago. Now the railways are stretching out their thin tendrils far and wide. Before long the connections will be completed. East and west, north

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and south, will be linked together—and incidentally Australia's greatest curse, the drought, has been robbed of its utmost horror. Sometimes the sybarite traveller in North Queensland is loud in his complaints of narrow-gauge railways, and of trains counted passing quick at twenty miles an hour. I have frequently listened to these complaints, and I have also watched the brown thin face of one of the old hands listening too. How could the speakers understand what it was to travel over the same country before the railways came? They had never pulled after them an unwilling pack-horse, or coughed behind in the fine dust raised by its shuffling feet. They had never been caught by the rains and spent days clearing the thick adhesive mud from the coach-wheels, sleeping in the same mud at night. They had never camped by flooded rivers now bridged by the railway, nor seen the stock dying in the drought like flies. The spare, silent man knew, as they did not know, that the railways in Australia stand for more than speed and comfort. They are essential for the preservation of the flickering flame of life in hundreds of thousands of helpless animals.

The droughts are the greatest curses of Australia, but, speaking generally, they are extraordinarily local. A few hundred square miles, or even less,

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are affected. Beyond there may be abundance of grass and water, but the stock could not be overlanded through the intervening dry country before the railways were made—now all is different. Huge fortunes have been made, and are being made, by pastoralists. The banks and other companies have stations in many various parts of the continent. The losses in one drought-stricken area are more than compensated by the profits of the remainder. But who can tell the tale of the men who failed—the men who saw their fortunes melt away, their stock decrease and their overdrafts increase, until they themselves were left penniless, or were retained as managers on the stations they once owned? I was in Australia all through the “great drought,” which lasted almost eight years. Between 1895 and 1901 the number of sheep decreased from over 106 millions to 72 millions—then in one year the number dropped to 53 millions. In 1901 I travelled through the drought-stricken country in South Queensland, and the track for some three hundred miles was like a huge battlefield—saving that there were no human corpses. It was horrible, but—and this was the strangest thing—I seldom heard a word of complaint, even though I was in a country of ruined men.

One characteristic and distressing feature of the

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drought is that the clouds constantly raise hopes only to baffle them. Normally the thunderstorms take three or four days to "work up," and then the reservoirs of heaven are opened. The preliminaries of these storms occur during a drought. Shortly after noon on the third or fourth day, white clouds form on the horizon. Later in the afternoon the sky is covered with mountainous heaps of blackness. The muttering thunder culminates in a salvo of heaven's artillery. A few drops of rain, broad as florins, pick up the dust like rifle-bullets. That is the climax. The clouds then melt away as smoke, and a brazen sun, under an inverted bowl, is left to lord it over a panting, impotent earth. The whole spectacle is magnificent, but it is heartbreaking. I once watched such a phantasmagoric storm with a spare sun-burnt squatter by my side. With a simple comment that better luck might come next time, he departed to perform the heartrending task of weighing out the ounce or two of Indian corn allowed to each sheep as sufficient to keep bare life for a while in the remnant that was left. The decreasing store of grain was doled out like rations to shipwrecked sailors on a raft. The fashion in which stock died on that station, I remember, was both curious and characteristic. The sheep, like

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the cattle, fell around some familiar but dried-up water-hole. The horses pressed as near as ever the gates would suffer them to the homestead. This latter fact, united with their own helplessness, formed no small part of the horror of the situation to the men hemmed in by the spears.

Another class of men, the product of surroundings and their own infirmities, is fast disappearing from Australia, having served their generation. They are called locally "fossickers"—quaint searchers for an Eldorado amongst the mountain ranges. Their successors are more scientific, perhaps more successful, in their search for gold, copper, tin, wolfram, and all the other multitudinous metals of Australia. They are not so quaint, so characteristic, so pathetic. The "fossickers" probably commenced their several wanderings in the days of the gold rushes, when the finding of a nugget in the alluvial clay gathered the miners together like eagles to the carcass. Now the alluvial diggings have been abandoned, even by Chinese camp-followers, to perhaps one wanderer who has grown old, and has abandoned the hope of finding a place more like Eldorado than the sandy bed of some inland river. Yet if the true "fossicker" in earlier days had found a second Mount Morgan he would cheerfully have sold his claim to

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some better business man than himself, and, driven by his *wanderlust*, would have continued his search.

Bret Harte accustomed one to the figures of big-hearted, garrulous, heavy-drinking, sentimental, hirsute gold-miners. Such, if they ever existed in Australia, are now as non-existent as the dodo. Gold is now crushed and cyanided from the stone, eight pennyweights or more to the ton. The modern gold-miner is a shrewd, intelligent, prosaic individual—a keen politician and an even keener speculator in mining stock. The “fossicker” is more frequently a solitary, taciturn, and not aggressively clean hermit. He sometimes carries a fly-tent in his wanderings, and he retires to a more permanent habitation constructed from old boards, old roof-iron, and kerosene-tins cut and flattened out as wall-plates. In the fierce sunlight this house is almost as hot as a Dutch oven. At night, at least in winter, it is as cold as charity. It lets in every vagrant wind that blows. And in the wet season it is as waterproof as a garden sieve. His human mate is replaced usually by a truculent yellow-eyed dog, whose long wolf trot, and a capacity for turning his head round over his shoulder as he runs, points to near relationship to a dingo—probably on the distaff side.

A grimly characteristic incident occurred a few

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years ago in North Queensland. The rumour of a fresh find of gold took a few miners to some abandoned diggings on the Florence River. Two camped by a water-hole, where they were plagued by dingoes who invaded their camp, stealing whatever they could. The men adopted the usual and obvious remedy. They "laid a bait"—that is they placed some poisoned food on the ground for the dingoes to take. Unhappily, on the very day they adopted the remedy, an old "fossicker," with his dog, came in their temporary absence to seek some salt. His dog found the poisoned meat, ate it, and died. The old man grimly waited until the two returned at sundown, shot one dead without parley, and tried his best to kill the other. Then he "took to the bush," and for over six weeks eluded his pursuers, although the whole community were scouring the ranges for him. At last he was captured and brought to trial. His only plea was the fierce question, "What call had they to stiffen my dog?" The lack of intent on the part of his unfortunate victim was unheeded equally with the heinous character of his own act. All attempts to move the old man were countered by a reiteration of his original question.

As a matter of fact, these nomads are seldom altogether sane. In the silence of the bush they

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talk to themselves, to their dogs, and to the trees, but they cannot bring themselves to speak to human beings. Once during one of my wanderings I received a verbal message that such a man was expecting me to camp with him. I went, and found the most careful preparations had been made for my visit, but my host had disappeared. There was evidence that he had waited until the dust of the horses in the distance heralded my approach, and then he had taken to the bush. He could not bring himself even to face a human being whom he was evidently wishful to meet. I never saw him.

A pathetic story has been told of an old solitary bushman whose young wife had died in childhood twoscore years before. The old man had forgotten the closing scenes. He remembered only the bitter-sweet of earlier days. His wife still lived with him, he believed, but she was always out when any chance stranger accepted his ready hospitality. The worn-out brain recorded so far truly. It prompted, however, an apology, not for the wife's temporary absence, but for her presence at all in such rough surroundings. "She would come. I could not stop her coming with me. But it's no place for a woman. It's no place for a woman." The story rings true. I have always known that

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women bear the heaviest part of empire-building in the beginnings—at least those women who will not leave their men—no matter what their men may say. But what poet will adequately sing of their sorrows and make us realise how they meet disaster after disaster as the closing years hem in their lives ?

It is a strange thing that gentlemen, like women, when they fall, seem to go under completely—irretrievably. One blazing summer noon I met a rough-looking man in the grey shirt and moleskin trousers so characteristic of the bush. I remember that I was similarly clad. He was leaving, as I was entering, a bush “hotel.” We recognised one another at sight, although we had not met since the night when I sat next him at his regimental mess. I asked him to come and see me at Bishop’s Lodge, and told him he could use any cognomen he liked. But, with the smile I remembered almost painfully, he refused. He had forgotten how to behave, he said, and all I could urge did not shake his determination. There are many such. They meet their fate, as they met their disgrace, with a nonchalance that is not the least valuable asset of a gentleman.

There are lower depths for gentlemen than boundary-riding under an assumed name—depths

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more abysmal because more hopeless. A man who is above the average gets on in Australia far quicker than he could do normally in the old country. Such a man may retrieve a folly, even a disgrace, and build up again an honourable name. But what about the feeble folk who are sent abroad, to relieve their friends at home of their presence, with a remittance paid regularly upon one condition—that they themselves do not return? The late Mr. Whymper used to say that the hardest task of all in mountaineering was helping a weak climber. The same is true of these poor derelicts of family life. What is the frame of mind that makes fathers send such—sons of their own begetting—to the outposts of civilisation? Is it the same shortsighted optimism as that which makes their boys so little capable of distinguishing between dreams and reality—castles in Spain and the squalid actualities of a bush hotel?

Let another assess the essential value of the lives of those who succeed and of those who fail—those of whom all men speak well and those whom the world counts undone. The men in tropical Australia who appealed to me most, whom I think I loved the best, were those who had not realised all that their hearts desired. My heart aches now as I recall some who failed altogether—compassed

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by their own infirmities, hemmed in by cruel circumstance.

“The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of battle, the din and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood running
into their eyes.”

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“ Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furse,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold.

“ Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main.”

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LINCOLNSHIRE is a broad county—the second largest in the British Isles. It is a beautiful county—far more beautiful than is guessed by the thousands who hurry along its western side in the Great-Northern express trains from London to York.

The coast of Lincolnshire possesses no rocky headlands such as those that flank the Yorkshire coast. Whatever beauty it possesses is of another sort. There are leagues on leagues of hard sand stretching between low rush-clad dunes on the one hand, and a sullen grey sea on the other. The sands of Lincolnshire are a veritable paradise for children, who are not offended at the piers, the pierrots, the picture palaces, and all the rest of the things that go to make a tripper's holiday. But press north from Skegness and the sands quickly regain their enchanting desolation. This desolation is most marked when the tide goes far out, and when, for some optical reason, things seem to be much farther away than they do where there are trees to mark the middle distance. There is more sunshine on these sands in summer than

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falls to the usual lot of England. This gives to them a brightness and joy that reckes nothing of the sea. But in winter the sea is everything. The long grey breakers roll in, most fiercely, against an off-shore wind, with an irresistible suggestion of cold ruthless power. There is then a long-drawn battle waged between the wind and waves, while the morning sun shining through the spindrift looks old and yellow.

The cruelty of the North Sea is no illusion. It may even have given some of its characteristics to the men and women whose ancestors have faced its storms generation after generation. Here is a traditional verse, which witnesses to the irritation felt by a stranger with some Lincolnshire folk, but even more to the character of the North Sea :

“ Boston, Boston, Boston !
Thou hast nought to boast on
But a grand sluice and a high steeple,
And a proud, conceited, ignorant people,
And a coast which souls get lost on.”

Climb over the sandhills in the late afternoon, and you find the fens stretching out into far distances. Here the roads, with countless right-angled turns, run between reedy dykes which drain the marshes of our English Holland, and invariably lead somewhere near to a church tower, at once

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an objective and a guide-post. The sunsets on the fens are superb in colouring, or else, together with the red-tiled cottage roofs and the tall poplars rising like phantom trees out of the mist, they suggest the mirage. Nowhere does the north-east wind blow keener than it does over the fens, but it stirs the blood even when it bites the blue finger.

Attractive as the shore and fens may be, no one can claim to know Lincolnshire who has not threaded also The Wolds and the Cliff Hills, which bisect the northern half of the county, from Spilsby to the Humber on the eastern side, and from Grantham to the Humber on the west. Instead of dykes and fens there are steep hills and wooded hollows, villages set in summer green, or standing out in ruddy contrast to the snow. There are fields where lilies of the valley and the pheasant-eye narcissus still blow wild. On a sunny afternoon to gaze from the high "hog-back" above Caistor across the broad valley of the Trent, or from the Barton Street, near Ravendale, looking northward towards the grey reaches of the Humber, flanked by the Yorkshire coast, or, again, eastward towards the North Sea lurking behind the sandhills, is to cast aside for ever all misconceptions with regard to the beauty of Lincolnshire.

Like wise men, early in the great war the

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Lincolnshire authorities provided for a possible invasion of their county, and in doing so they showed an accurate understanding of the stubborn folk to whom they issued instructions "to be followed in case of a raid." The Germans are never mentioned in the document. They are called simply "foreigners." The horses and vehicles were to be despatched to certain places, and the reason for immediate action is as follows : "Those who start first will have great advantage," and "Foreigners will neither pay for nor return" anything they borrow.

An old servant used to compare these preparations with those his father told him had been made during Napoleonic days. They were curiously alike. But a century ago all the men of the village drilled three times each week for "'appen on three years or more." This is a commentary on the statement often made by Lord Roberts, that obligatory military training in England would require no new legislation.

There were successful invasions of Lincolnshire—but a very long time ago. The earliest inhabitants, at least of the coast fens, came from the mouths of the Meuse, Rhine, and Scheldt. These were harried in their turn by Saxon freebooters, and, subsequently, after Cedric besieged Lincoln in 497,

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the Saxons, with certain Angles from the Elbe, settled down to be the first of an honourable line of Lincolnshire farmers. Then in the ninth century the Danes made a clean sweep of this part of England, and, though they soon ruled in the place of Canute, the Normans made little headway east of Peterborough. Indeed, there may be some truth in the North Lincolnshire boast that the men of the marshes and fens speak the purest English in the land.

Whether the claim to speak pure English can be maintained any better in Lincolnshire than in Dublin or in Wales, where a similar claim has been made frequently, is an open question. It is apparent, however, to all that Scandinavian blood still runs warm and red in the people of Lincolnshire. The majority of the children are yellow-haired and fair-complexioned. The men are unusually tall and upright, with strong rugged faces and independent bearing. This is particularly true of the north-east of the county, although Grimsby, the principal town, is too cosmopolitan in its fishing interests to be regarded as typical of Lincolnshire or even of England.

The old folk are hardworking and capable. They are shrewd, kindly, deliberate, somewhat suspicious of strangers, and, it must be admitted,

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distinctly stiffnecked and self-opinionated. They were very slow to believe that the great war was to be taken seriously—a fact that affected recruiting at first. The clergyman of one church, a man of a fine old Lincolnshire stock, for weeks spoke of “the war that *seems* to be raging on the Continent.” Scepticism in this case may have been verbal rather than real. In Lincolnshire, as in Oxford, there is a certain tendency to understatement. But the following brief dialogue was overheard the other day at a village where the “K.O.Y.L.I.s” had been hard at work making trenches. A sceptical farmer asked a much-harassed private: “Dost ta really think them furriners will try to inväde us?” The “Tommy,” according to local usage, answered by another question: “Dost ta think we’m digging trenches ’cos we’m nowt else to do?” No more was said, and no further answer was necessary.

All north-country folk possess a keen perception of irony. They are also affected by kindly humour of a sort that stirs to sympathy rather than to ridicule. Like their close kinsmen in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire folk desire to consider themselves hard, and they will go to infinite trouble to disguise the fact that they are among the most tender-hearted in the world. As might be expected, they

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have a strong religious sense, but it is personal rather than ecclesiastical. John Wesley discovered the essential truth of this even at Brigg, where the inhabitants, so he records in his Journal, struck him at first as being extraordinarily savage. The tenacious loyalty to Methodism throughout the county is symptomatic of the stuff from which the folk are made—and of the sincerity of the man who placed such a lasting mark upon them. Even now they do not find it an easy matter to understand the whys and wherefores of Church ceremonial. One old woman, on seeing in one of the Fen churches some unexpected genuflections, said afterwards: “I *was* sorry for poor Mr. C.; he was that bad of his inside that he couldn’t how’d hissen up.” While another woman, when asked how the parishioners got on with a new clergyman who had introduced many strange things, replied: “Oh, yis, he antics a bit; but we looves him soä we antics along wi’ him.” A wise parson going for the first time into Lincolnshire might do well to remember these two stories as illustrative of local habits of thought.

At Ashby-cum-Fenby a three-decker pulpit stands surrounded by square pews and flagged floors, as yet undisturbed by any restless reformer. From a modern ecclesiastical standpoint the

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church is probably everything that it should not be. It is consistent with itself, however, and that being so, it makes one doubt whether oneself is not the anachronism, and whether some local Sir Roger de Coverley will not shortly arrive to take his seat, and the pews be filled by stout farmers, upstanding farming men, and their respective fair wives and rosy children, all in eighteenth-century attire. The musicians, too, must come, and the singing men after their kind. Lincolnshire folk are infected by music. They still sing lustily and with a good courage. But they have no sweet Celtic voices, and their best endeavours have been characterised as “making a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.”

The Rector of Ashby displays, proudly but sorrowfully, an attenuated parchment volume—all that is left of the earliest parochial register. There is one tantalising erasion made in comparatively modern times at the behest of some arch-deacon or bishop, who, without consideration for the curiosity of successive generations, considered the entry to be libellous. Perhaps this *censor morum* was right. Many other leaves of the register have been excised—for quite another reason. Their disappearance brought about an entry by an indignant eighteenth-century incumbent, who, without respect of persons, denounced

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“ye wife of ye Churchwarden ” for thus “prostituting these sacred and valuable records to the preservation of certain savoury standing-pies such as her husband loved, by placing them under the pies during the process of baking to keep them from being burned at ye bottom.”

Like other eastern counties, Lincolnshire is rich in churches. The Cathedral is known to all. Grantham spire, which Sir Gilbert Scott thought second only to Salisbury, is pressed hard by the delicate simplicity of Louth and the grandeur of Boston “Stump.” But the Fen churches are wonderful, and among the most notable are those in the south-east, about Boston and Spalding. Then there are unsuspected relics of the ill-fated Knights Templars in at least three places—all three situated near to the “High Dyke,” or the “Ermine Street,” to use a name dating from Roman times. Temple Bruer, shortened from *Templum de la bruere*, or church on the heath, is the best preserved relic. The Early-English tower remains, and the pillar bases of the circular chapel, modelled upon the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, have been laid bare. Of the ancient Hermitage of Spital-on-the-street nothing remains except a plain chapel built in 1661, with its entrance at the east end and its altar in the west. Under the bell-cot is a Latin

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inscription setting forth, with some grace of style, the fate of a previous chantry, and ending with this ferocious wish : “ *Qui hanc Deus hunc destruat* ” (“ Whoever destroys this house may God destroy him ”).

There are other curious records of the past. For instance, there is the tiny thatched Church of Markby, standing surrounded by a moat and now disused. Markby Vicarage is attached to the rectory of Hannah-cum-Hagnaby—a strange-sounding name ; but Lincolnshire is a county of strange place-names. The Markby registers are amongst the earliest in the kingdom, commencing in 1558. Not far from Markby, at Tothby, there is a grim record of bygone days. It is a stone about a yard square and half a yard thick, with a longish hole about three inches deep in the upper side. This is the Alford plague stone. When Alford was closed, because the plague fiercely raged there, the country folk around brought their goods, laid them upon the stone, and retired. The town caterer then approached, took what was required, and laid the purchase money in the hole, which was filled with vinegar, the disinfectant of the day. There is a similar stone built into the plague monument at Winchester, but it does not bring back the past with the same vivid clearness. The Dunstan pillar now carries a monstrous figure of George III,

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but once it was a land lighthouse, and recalls the days of highwaymen, and nights when hapless travellers were lost in the storms that sweep over Dunstan Heath.

Every county has its roll of great Englishmen born within its borders. Lincolnshire has a long list running over the whole gamut of human activity, and including Stephen Langton, William of Waynfleet, Archbishop Whitgift, Lord Burleigh, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Busby of Eton, John Wesley, and Alfred Lord Tennyson. Of the poet and of his home at Somersby many interesting things are told. One story it is impossible to avoid repeating. Harrington Hall, with its terraced garden, is two miles from Somersby. When reading "Maud" our thoughts flit back to this fine old Lincolnshire house with its rookery.

" Birds in the High Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling."

The poet used to tell how, when he was once reading this verse, he paused to ask : " Do you know what birds those were ? " A lady, clasping her hands, said : " Oh, Mr. Tennyson, was it the nightingale ? " In reading he had given, as only a north-countryman can, the broad sound of the vowels

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that suggested the harsh caw of the rooks. Lincolnshire is a "strange" country for birds. The sea birds follow the plough in their thousands. The starlings and the fieldfares manœuvre together in vast flights. Of singing birds there is an abundance, but in the High Hall-garden the rooks' cry dominates all others—at least before owl-light. As I write I can hear them calling one to another, "Maud, Maud, Maud," as though they never would stop.

TENNYSON'S SCHOOLBOY DAYS

“ He was born at the fit time before the world had grown inflated with the vanity of progress, and there was still an atmosphere in which such a soul could grow.”—J. A. FROUDE.

TENNYSON'S SCHOOLBOY DAYS

TENNYSON'S personal connection with Lincolnshire, the county that bred him on both sides, practically ended in 1835. He went to Cambridge in 1828. His father died in 1831, but his mother remained four years longer in Somersby Rectory, and as long as she did so the old house was home. There can be no doubt as to the lasting affection Tennyson felt for Lincolnshire, nor as to the effect upon his imagination of the marsh, and the wold, and the sandhills, and the long grey wash of the North Sea. But he did not like Louth. Yet Louth may claim, for more reasons than one, to have been a factor in the poet's life. His mother was the daughter of a former vicar. He himself was a pupil at the grammar school there. His first boyish rhyme was written under the shadow of the schoolhouse. It was a Louth business man who published *Poems by Two Brothers*—the first of a long fleet of greenbacked volumes that reached subsequently the uttermost parts of the earth.

Relatively, Louth is of less importance to-day than it was a century ago. Then Grimsby was

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no more than a fishing village, while a journey thence to London, like matrimony, was not to be enterprised lightly by any man. Under the best conditions it took not four hours but four days. The "best people" had town houses in Lincoln, where the county season was a gay one when the times were favourable for gaiety. The "stuff ball," although the little town of Alford claims its inception, is now the one social event of the Lincoln "season." Fine ladies still gather for it from all parts of the county, not pranked in silks and satins, but dressed in sober woollen stuffs for the good of the Lincolnshire cloth merchants. But Lincolnshire folk were ever clannish, even in their own broad county. So those from the northern wolds preferred Louth to Lincoln to winter in. Their houses remain, but the glory of them has departed. Just now Louth has a certain military glamour by day, and a depressing blackness at night. After the war it will become what it was before, a quiet market town much affected by farmers, who are a prosperous solid folk in North Lincolnshire.

It is generally recognised that Tennyson's school-days were not particularly happy. According to the school register they commenced at Christmas 1816, and ended during the corresponding quarter in 1820. Poor little fellow, he was only seven

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years old when he began, and eleven when he finished ! Nowadays it is no great hardship for a small boy to go to his preparatory school. But what must it have been to be dropped into a rough county grammar school as a day boy a hundred years ago ? If Tennyson had gone subsequently to Eton, as his eldest brother did, he might have been able to get his first schooldays into better perspective. He did not. After he left Louth he was educated at home, and therefore his remembrances of his first school stood out unmodified by any comparison.

All the stories of Tennyson's schooldays told locally are now second and third hand. There is a persistent tradition, however, that there were contributory causes on the poet's part for any peculiar unhappiness he may have felt as a boy. He was shy and moodish, and such boys are seldom happy amongst their fellows. This tradition receives some confirmation from the poet's own reminiscences. One of his own most vivid recollections of boyhood, he used to say, was a defence of the bridge over the brook at Somersby against a superior force of village boys. Against three or four, or even five, the rectory squad of two could hold its own. On a certain occasion, however, the village army numbered ten ; before such an

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overwhelming force the rectory contingent incontinently fled. The defence of the bridge would take a form many besides the poet have experienced in their school holidays when village boys were classed, in the easy insolence of youth, as “cads.” In the north of Ireland it was accounted an extreme danger sign when, on the 4th of July, a boy was seen to crouch on the roadway and begin to dig at a cobble stone with his knife. It would be so in North Lincolnshire. A kick of the heel was sufficient to dislodge a formidable weapon from the road. Village lads were generally ready for a fray of this sort, and—this also is a matter of experience—they had a disastrous facility in stone-throwing. It may be assumed, therefore, that they were not slow in attack at the battle of Somersby bridge, and that the honours were fairly divided. An old inhabitant of the village said recently that he had “always heärd as young Alfred was a fine romantic nipper,” meaning an imaginative boy. But was he calculated to win a similar judgment from other boys whom he pelted with stones from a bridge they rightly regarded to be their own? What was the opinion of the redoubtable cook at Somersby Rectory about “Master Awlfred”? She possessed considerable force of expression, as may be surmised from a wrathful

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condemnation upon her master and mistress, “If you raäked out hell with a smaäll-tooth coämb you weän’t find their likes.”

It is a dangerous thing for a boy to think he can despise for one reason or another his fellows or his elders. It is a danger to which an imaginative boy is always prone. There is one small incident in Tennyson’s schooldays which might easily have moved him to scorn. The poet used to say that he remembered walking in a school procession that formed part of the town festivities on the coming to the throne of George IV. Of these festivities, which took place on 18th February 1820, some confirmatory information is available. The Corporation Minute Book contains the following entry :

“1820, 8th *February*.—Resolved unanimously—

“(1) That the corporation assemble at the Mansion House on Friday the eighteenth Inst., and proceed thence on horseback at eleven o’clock to the Market Place to proclaim his Majesty *King George the fourth* who hath succeeded to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland on the demise of his late Majesty who died on the 29th Ult.

“(2) That the Louth Yeomanry and the several Benefit Societies be requested to join the proces-

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sion on the Market Hill and attend the Proclamation.

“(3) That six 18-gall. casks of Ale be given to the populace on the Market Hill, and one 18-gall. Cask to each of the Clubs to be drunk at their respective Houses of Meeting, and that the Warden engage a Band of Music for the occasion (not exceeding 20 performers), and allow them not exceeding five shillings each.”

Such provisions were prompted by proper loyalty without doubt. They were not calculated, however, to make the procession an elevating sight. It is not difficult to imagine one small scholar with a delicate, clear-cut face marching wrathfully and rebelliously behind the noisy rabble of patriots. But those days were not censorious of intemperance, and the poet seems to have remembered chiefly that he was “decked with ribbons,” and that the old women thought the boys the “prettiest part of the show.”

Two other recollections of the poet have been chronicled by his son, the present Lord Tennyson. One is sad enough. It reveals the poet sitting on the stone steps of the school on a winter's morning sobbing his heart out because a big lad had cuffed him for being a new boy. The other recollection shows him essaying a political speech to his school-

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fellows. An usher promptly ordered him down from the wall which formed his platform, at the same time asking him whether he was qualifying for a parish beadle.

In his later years Tennyson used to growl that he never learned anything worth having at school except a Latin tag. This, unhappily, has been the experience of many men of genius. Even to-day it is not easy in a public school to deal with boys cast out of the common mould. A hundred years ago it was a hundred times more difficult. Judged by modern standards all schools then would suffer badly, and yet Louth Grammar School was not amongst the worst. It managed to turn out scholars of repute, one of whom in 1791 ran Dr. Routh close in the election to the presidentship of Magdalen. But for one vote, promised and not given, the great doctor would have given place to an old Louthian possessed of an equally tenacious grasp of life.

It is not easy to recast in one's imagination Louth Grammar School as it appeared in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The present buildings are palatial in comparison with the modest edifice in which Tennyson wearied away his unprofitable hours. All that remains of the old school is a pursy figure of the youth Edward VI—

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“ the pious founder ”—and a brick wall at the side of the road opposite to the present buildings. It is a forbidding wall in winter, but in summer the sloping brick top, covered thick with the dust of centuries, is a veritable flower-garden, gay with gillyflower and the like. The story goes that one Sunday morning Charles Tennyson, who by virtue of a year's seniority was well fitted to become mentor and patron, placed a slate in Alfred's hand, telling him to “ write something about the flowers ! ” Tennyson's own recollection of this event was that he covered two sides of the slate with Thomsonian blank verse, “ Thomson then being the only poet I knew.” The task having been completed, the patron condescended to say that the verses “ would do.” An American tourist during a recent pilgrimage to Louth received this local story with the ecstatic remark, “ I guess that was the a-waking of a great pure soul.” And who can say exactly what was the full meaning to a strange, precocious boy of a bright flower in the crannied wall by the dusty road to Elkington hill-top ? Certainly the poems and early fragments written a few years later at Somersby, although they were not considered good enough to be included in the *Poems by Two Brothers*, showed very great promise. Dr. Jowett, when

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he read them for the first time, remarked, "It is wonderful how the whelp could have known such things."

In the study of the present headmaster of Louth Grammar School there are three or four faded green volumes of Tennyson's early poems. They are accounted too precious to rest upon the school library shelves. Each volume is inscribed in the poet's handwriting as follows: "Presented to the library of King Edward's Grammar School, Louth, Lincolnshire, in memory of my schooldays under the headmastership of the Rev. J. Waite, by the Author, May 22nd, 1865." Mr. Waite had resigned his chair and other symbols of authority ten or twelve years earlier, but he did not die until 1872, at the ripe age of 91. If his portrait in the school does him justice, and it is difficult to believe that it is not a speaking likeness, any boy might well have trembled in his shoes before so terrific a potentate. Like Dr. Busby, the Rev. John Waite was *plagossus*—fond of blows. The school seal, bearing the date 1552, but disused in these milder days, set a standard from which this doughty pedagogue never fell away. It displays a boy in process of being birched, and it is circled by the abhorred motto, "Qui parcit virgam odit filium."

Not unnaturally, Louth Grammar School con-

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tinues to be proud of Tennyson, even though this one old boy acknowledged the connection grumpily. When the poet was elevated to the peerage in 1884, the boys of the sixth and fifth forms sent him a round robin of congratulation, reminding him of his former schooldays, and asking him to prefer a request to the headmaster for a holiday that the whole school might celebrate the event in an appropriate fashion. Tennyson, to his credit, at once responded to this naïve request, and the boys rejoiced for a day in reflected glory. The great event appears to have received further attention at Speech Day in the school epilogue, written by the second master, Mr. W. H. Mills, who was himself an aspirant to poetic honours. His book *Ballads of Helas* has more merit than might be surmised from his efforts as a school epilogist :

“Honours? did we mention honours?
Well, we've done enough for fame;
Quantity is not our object;
'Tis at quality we aim,
And there's something in a peerage
If there's nothing in a name.

Aye we claim you past “alumnus,”
Alfred Baron Tennyson;
Yet perhaps we think your title
Gilds the gold of work well done,
And your coronet yields precedence
To the crown your song had won.”

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If the time of home tuition may be counted as the proper equivalent of schooldays, then *Poems by Two Brothers* were written and published while the poet was on the debatable ground twixt boyhood and young manhood. A great deal has been said about the penetration displayed by the Louth tradesman who recognised the gleams of future greatness in the boys' work. It would be really interesting to discover what sort of man Mr. Jackson was, and how the transaction was likely to appear to him. Publishers not infrequently are charming men, but as a rule they are swayed very little in making business arrangements by the charms of their clients. Mr. Jackson, however, was no ordinary publisher. *Poems by Two Brothers* appeared in 1827, so that first-hand information with regard to the details of publication are difficult to obtain. Mr. Jackson has left a reputation behind him in Louth of being "a bit of an owd character." "Old Jackson used to wear a kind of swallow-tailed coat, and leggins wonderfully like them as you've got on yourself," was another reminiscence. He used "to hev' a sight of trouble with one o' his chaps—a bit of a curiosity too"—who was greatly skilled in tooling leather book-covers. The man was "one o' them sort as wouldn't be said," and the result was a

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daily struggle “wi’ his master o’er a matter of some ale.” Beer was contraband in Mr. Jackson’s shop during working hours, but sometimes a “lad” ran the blockade. Sometimes he failed, and the beer was confiscated without any right of appeal. These small events have a bearing upon the bargain the two Tennyson boys made with the “owd character.” This is pretty certain, if Mr. Jackson had not been favourably impressed by the two boys who came to him one winter day with a roll of manuscript, he would “soon have sent them packing.” Moreover, the fact remains that he considered the copyright worth purchasing outright, although it is said that he added a further stipulation, that the authors must take out half the purchase money in books out of his shop. Some say the stipulation referred to copies of their own books. The original sum agreed to, £20, was not excessive. A single copy of the original edition is probably worth more than that to-day. I have a copy of this edition before me as I write. It is well printed and well bound in tooled leather, probably by the man “as wouldn’t be said.” What the authors themselves thought of the bargain, history doth not relate. There is an attractive story told locally that the first thing they did when they received their moiety of silver was to hire

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a horse and trap and drive down to Mablethorpe for a day's outing to "share their triumph with the wind and waves." They are said to have dined solidly, if not sumptuously, at that ancient hostelry with its quaint sign, the "Book in Hand."

The copy of *Poems by Two Brothers* before me has an inscription, penned by a boyish hand, to that quondam fellow of Magdalen who was almost elected president. It is dated 19th June 1827, but unsigned. There is only one manuscript note in the volume. It refers to a poem entitled, after a custom of the day, "To ——." The name "Catherine Overton" is inserted in pencil at the head of the poem, and "Charles Tennyson" is written underneath. The school register shows that a certain "Isle Grant Overton" entered Louth Grammar School in the same quarter that Charles Tennyson did, and went to Corpus College, Oxford, in the same year, 1827. The assumption may fairly be made that Catherine Overton was the sister of his school friend. Charles Tennyson subsequently wrote some fine verse. His sonnets are amongst the best in the English language. And the fine character of his mature writing may be judged from the following lines upon the unusual subject of "Seeing a child blush

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on his first view of a corpse." Awed by death's most perfect kingliness, for all imperial presences give signal for the heart to beat less free—

"A strange bewilder'd look of shame he wore ;
'Twas the first mortal hint that cross'd the lad.
He feared the stranger, though he knew no more,
Surmising and surprised, but, most, afraid,
As Crusoe, wandering on the desert shore,
Saw but an alien footmark and was sad."

This is not a standard reached anywhere in the *Poems by Two Brothers*. An indomitable panegyrist writes, "It is quite possible the poems have more worth than critics are ever likely to see in them." At any rate they made old Dr. Tennyson believe in his son Alfred's power in versification, although he sometimes doubted his application and industry. Dr. Tennyson's criticism upon poems written at Cambridge is very interesting, and it was he who advised his son to compete for the Chancellor's prize. The successful issue of his attempt paved the way to the poet's future. Old George Tennyson of Bayons Manor cannot be suspected of any literary tendencies, at least in the way of versification. There is a story told locally, with how much truth it is not easy to say. When informed that his grandson had

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published a volume of poems the old man growled, "I'd sooner have heard that he had made a wheel-barrow." Over against this must be placed the poet's own harsh judgment of his immature work. He called the poems "my early rot." And indeed his reputation rests upon such firm foundations that the *Poems by Two Brothers* are only interesting stepping-stones at the best or worst.

The boyhood of great men is always an attractive bypath along which others will wish to wander. The ingenious may perceive signs of coming greatness in places where nothing would be noticed but for the light of subsequent events. So far as Alfred, Lord Tennyson, is concerned, the bypath, if not a short one, is commonplace, and it has been so often trodden that little fresh remains to be seen. According to a monkish legend the Greatest of all Men spent His boyhood in a carpenter's shop "picking up chips." Then, and on the hill above Nazareth He filled to overflowing the treasure-house of His Soul. Similarly, the world may have gained immeasurably from the fact that the great Victorian poet lived very much like any other country boy, storing up in his soul a love of nature and an insight into the meaning of land and sea and heaven.

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“ Thanks to Him
Who never is dishonoured in the spark
He gave us from his fire of fires, and bade
Remember whence it sprang, nor be afraid
While that burns on, though all the rest grow dark.”

BROWNING.

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THERE are very few men who dare to make a fearless revelation of their own lives even to themselves. There are still fewer men whose self-revelation would interest the world a century and a half after their death. John Wesley was such a man, and his Journal discloses an interesting personality. John Wesley was a consistent diarist. As early as the spring of 1725, some months before his ordination, he commenced. He ended writing with his life.

At first Wesley wrote solely for himself, but his personal diary seems to have developed into something like a Journal of the Proceedings of his Society. Indeed, one prominent, but not very wise preacher was piqued that his own name had never appeared in the Journal. Wesley rectified the mistake by recording that on a certain day the gentleman in question had slept under a haystack. There is something reminiscent of St. Francis of Assisi's humorous methods of inculcating humility among his mates in this simple notice.

Like Mr. Pepys, John Wesley wrote at first in

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cipher, with a single motive of concealing his secret thoughts from inquisitive eyes. Later on he abandoned concealment, but retained a curious system of signs and abbreviations which were plain enough to the writer, but which are enigmatic to the uninstructed reader. If he had adopted one system, an editor's task would have been simple ; but even in his shorthand John Wesley was no martyr to the bugbear of consistency.

To Wesleyan Methodists this Journal must seem sacred. It is nothing more or less than the Acts of their Apostles, and it is a record of which they may be justly proud. The growth of their Society, the principles to which they gave witness, the sufferings of the early members, and the power that they exercised over the men and women of the eighteenth century are all set forth in the order in which they occurred. To the ordinary reader the record is no less interesting, both as regards the early history of Methodism and the person of the central figure in that history. It is probably quite true that John Wesley was not the originator of Oxford Methodism nor the founder of the "Holy Club." The latter organisation appears to have been a guild of earnest young Churchmen, all convinced sacramentalists, and rigid in their obedience to the rubrics of the Prayer Book so far as these

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rubrics affected their own lives. Indeed, the records show that John Wesley, who was a prominent member of the club, possessed in no small degree the English power of adaptation. He was quick to assimilate outside influences, and to follow a friend's initiative without always realising the fact that principles have a distressing habit of working out in ways not intended nor foreseen by opportunists. As an example of this, John Wesley remained, in his own opinion, loyal to Church of England doctrines and organisation to the day of his death. He urged his followers against disruption, and it is not too much to say that he left a legacy of affection to his followers, all of which has not been dispersed by educational quarrels, and which easily may be a great factor in the work of Christian reunion. Indeed, it is the proud boast of Wesleyan Methodists to-day that they stand half-way between the Anglicans and the Protestant Nonconformist churches. The Anglicans claim that they also occupy a valuable strategic position between the broken ranks of Protestantism and older forms of Catholicism.

It is interesting to note in the Diaries how much of the opposition to the Methodist revival was political. In the early Georgian era the Church of England was popularly regarded as a firm buttress

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of Hanoverian succession. Roman Catholics, on the other hand, were popularly identified with the Stuart rebellions, which were simmering long after the defeat of the Pretender in 1745. Thus we find that in 1744, on the eve of the second rebellion, when public feeling was sensitive and suspicious, John Wesley was moved to present to the “King’s most Excellent Majesty the humble address of the societies in England and Wales, in derision called Methodists,” in protest against the twofold charge of being “continually represented as a peculiar sect of men separating themselves from the Established Church, and traduced as inclined to Popery and consequently disaffected.” So, also, the Diary records an advertisement inserted in the public papers, contradicting stoutly a paragraph in the *London Evening Post* of Saturday, 18th February 1744, to the effect that there had been an “insurrection of the people called Methodists” in Staffordshire. In July of the same year John Wesley, preaching in Cornwall, was in danger of arrest preceded by bodily violence. From this he was happily saved by one John Collins, the clergyman from Redruth. In recording the incident the Diary reads : “When he rode away one of the gentlemen said, ‘Sir, I would speak with you a little ; let us ride to the gate.’ We did so,

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and he said, ' Sir, I will tell you the ground of this. All the gentlemen of these parts say that you have been a long time in France and Spain, and are now sent hither by the Pretender ; and that these societies are to join him.' ”

As a very human document the Journal is almost beyond praise. It is simply crowded with interesting information of the way in which folks lived in the three kingdoms and in the American colonies a century and a half ago. It presents another point of view as to university life than the one popular with romantic novelists, by whom eighteenth-century Oxford is regarded as a nursery for young bloods, engaged in wines, in street rows, or in rescuing young women of questionable antecedents from their bullies masquerading as highwaymen. The college tutor of fiction is an unlovely spectacle. The Oxford class registers, transcribed into this Journal, bear silent testimony to the manner in which one young Fellow of Lincoln discharged his trust as a college tutor. In neatness and orderliness the tutorial record, being part of his religion, ranks with personal experience and friendship. Wesley was an omnivorous reader at Oxford. He details not only his impression of books, but the effect they had upon him. Few reputations would survive the preser-

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vation of Diaries containing in brief sentences their writer's innermost thoughts! The brief notes, found at Lambeth in Laud's handwriting, of his own rigid self-examination—notes which nowadays make men more ready to acknowledge the saintliness of his life—were at the time of his impeachment deadly instruments used against the archbishop's life and reputation. The reader of Wesley's Journal also returns from behind the scenes with a strong sentiment in favour of the man who so frankly unveils himself.

The sentiment of respect need not imply approval of all that was done or said by John Wesley. He does not show himself in any flattering light in the closing scenes of an incident, at once romantic and tragic, which occurred during his ministry in Savannah. The story of his journey down the river in an open boat in charge of "Miss Sophy" is told with exquisite simplicity and unintentional pathos. The voyage commenced at noon on Monday, 25th October 1736—at the very end of the Indian summer. That sunny afternoon was whiled away in reading the first volume of Fleury's *History of the Church* and in the use of Bishop Patrick's Prayers! Indeed, the conversations throughout the voyage were of a very serious character. On the Wednesday afternoon, so runs

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the Journal, “ we fell into conversation on ‘ Lying in order to do good.’ She owned that she used to think there was no harm in it, and that she had herself sometimes done it to me ; but added she was now convinced no lying was lawful, and would therefore watch against all kinds of it in the future.” The next afternoon, “ after walking some time we sat down in a little thicket by the side of a spring. Here we entered upon a close conversation on Christian holiness. The openness with which she owned her ignorance of it, and the earnest desire she showed for fresh instruction, as it much endeared her to me, so it made me hope she would one day prove an eminent pattern of it.”

It is not difficult to imagine the setting of the voyage through the woods golden with all the glory of autumn. At the fall of the year the nights set in cold. On the Monday evening “ we landed on an uninhabited island, made a fire, supped, went to prayers together, and then spread our sail over us on four stakes to keep off the night dews. Under this on one side were Miss Sophy, myself, and one of our boys who came with me from Savannah ; on the other, our boat’s crew. The north-east wind was high and piercingly cold, and it was the first night she had ever spent in such lodging. But she complained of nothing, appear-

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ing as satisfied as if she had been warm upon a bed of down." Lower down the river there came stormy weather. Saturday night was the worst of all. "In the evening we came to Rattonpossum, another uninhabited island about thirty miles from Savannah. Here our provisions failed ; neither could we find any firewood, except one old stump of a tree, nor so much as two or three stakes to prop up our sail. Miss Sophy hung her apron on two small sticks, which kept off a little of the north wind from her head, and lay down on the ground under the canopy of heaven, with all the signs of perfect content." Savannah was reached next day, Sunday, and it was the eve of Miss Sophy's eighteenth birthday.

Poor Miss Sophy ! Her relatives intended the young minister to fall in love with his charge. He was in love, and she was in love with him ; but alas, his tender conscience made him regard the attraction partly as a temptation of the Evil One, and partly, so he said, in the "full persuasion I had of her entire sincerity, and in consequence of which I doubted not but she was resolved (as she had said) 'never to marry while she lived.'" Poor John Wesley ! In the end these two children decided to bring the matter to a decision. On Friday, 4th March 1737, "having both of us

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sought God by deep consideration, fasting, and prayer, in the afternoon we conferred together, but could not come to any decision. At length we agreed to appeal to the Searcher of hearts. I accordingly made three lots. In one was writ 'Marry'; in the second, 'Think not of it this year.' After we had prayed to God to 'give a perfect lot' the third was drawn, in which were the words, 'Think of it no more.' Instead of the agony I had reason to expect, I was enabled to say cheerfully, 'Thy will be done.' We cast lots once again to know whether I ought to converse with her any more; and the direction I received from God was, 'Only in presence of Mr. Delamotte.' " The practice of sortilege Wesley learned, in all probability, from the Moravians, but he loyally accepted the verdict. And yet, when three days later he saw Miss Sophy walking in the garden, evidently wanting to speak to him, "after a short struggle," he relates, "the evil soul prevailed in me and I went. Immediately she caught hold of both my hands with the most engaging gesture, look, and tone of voice. . . . I looked upon her, and should have said too much had we had a moment longer. But in the instant Mr. Causton called me in. So I was once more snatched as a brand out of the fire." This was the end, for two

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days later the poor young minister was asked on Miss Sophy's behalf "to publish the banns of marriage between her and Mr. Williamson on Sunday."

The tragedy of a lovesick girl marrying someone else than the man she loves is not uncommon to-day—more's the pity. In Miss Sophy's case her relatives appear to have been vulgarly angry with her for the failure of their plans. John Wesley could not understand it at all. There can be no doubt as to his perplexity and his pain, even though he quickly alienates sympathy from himself. This is the story of Miss Sophy. It has been the subject of controversy, of apology, and of unmerited abuse. The humanness of the story has escaped notice.

Sincere human documents, such as is this Journal, do not end, like novels, at any given point, while love may become distorted into something approaching hate. John Wesley, who behaved like a Galahad on the river, as a parish priest was well-nigh vindictive. Mistress Sophia Williamson was repelled from the Lord's Table upon a trivial charge, and her husband made the repulsion a *cause célèbre* in the High Court of Georgia.

Apart from the missionary interest, which of course was paramount in the journalist's mind,

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the sidelights thrown upon colonial life in Georgia are extraordinarily vivid and interesting. General Oglethorpe, the Governor, is displayed as a sincere, hardworking, devout man of considerable personal charm. The life of a British Governor in the colonies in those days was no bed of roses. And quaintly enough, the ladies of Savannah formed the thorniest patch of all. John Wesley had good cause to rebuke sternly one of the most fearsome of these ladies. The consequence was serious. "On Sunday, between three and four in the afternoon, Mrs. Hawkins sent me by her maid a note, wherein she desired to speak with me upon an affair of importance. I paused a little, and asked the servant whether she knew what her mistress wanted. She said, 'No'; upon which I replied, 'If a parishioner desires my company, I must go; but, be sure, stay you within.' When I came in, she said, 'Sir, sit down.' I sat down on the bed-side. She stood close to me with her hands behind her, and said, 'Sir, you have wronged me, and I will shoot you through the head this moment with a brace of balls.' I caught hold of the hand with which she presented the pistol, and at the same time of her other hand, in which she had a pair of scissors. On which she threw herself upon me, and forced me down upon the bed, crying out all

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the while, 'Villain, dog, let go my hands,' and swearing bitterly, with many imprecations both on herself and me, that she would either have my hair or my heart's blood. I was very unwilling either to cry out, which must publish to all the world, what for her sake, I desired should be more private ; or to attempt rising by force, which could not have been done without hurting her. Just then the maid came in, whom she ordered to reach a knife, swearing she would be the death of her if she did not. The woman stood trembling, not knowing what to do. Her two boys (servants) came in next, whom she bid to hold my hands, and I desired to take hold of their mistress. But they did not dare to do either. Then came Mr. Davidson the constable, and Mr. Reed, who, on my desire, were going to take her by the arms, when Mr. Hawkins came in, asked what that scoundrel did in his house, and commanded them at their peril not to touch his wife. Upon this encouragement she struggled again to get her hands loose ; but not being able, seized on my cassock with her teeth and tore both the sleeves of it to pieces, and then fixed upon my arm, four men (for Mr. Robinson and Ward were now come) standing by, and not daring to hinder her. I then spoke to Mr. Hawkins, who, seeing the company increase, took her round

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the waist and lifted her up. I went to Mr. Oglethorpe and gave him a simple narration of what had happened. He sent for them both and for Mr. Horton. She defended all, saying he had not done her justice for the wrong she had received, and therefore she had done herself justice. After a long hearing, her husband and she, promising better behaviour for the future, were dismissed."

The foregoing incident must not be regarded as symptomatic of the whole life in one of the young American settlements. Good, hardworking, devout colonists were the rule. The German Moravians were among the very best. But such tremendous exceptions as the one referred to reveal the great ability of the diarist. And they also testify to the wise head the minister carried upon his young shoulders. We see through his unaffected self-revelation a fine young "bush parson" with what we might call High Church tendencies. Going straight from Oxford, as many a man has gone a century later to Canada or Australia, he laid aside his games, his studies, his classical and metaphysical books, his plays and romances, without a second thought. He walked great distances, he slept in the woods and on bare boards. He was ready to swim, ride, row, sail a boat, or work with tools like any layman. He cleaned his own house

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and cultivated his own garden. I suppose if any Anglican Bishop knows a good frontier parson when he sees him I do. John Wesley was one of the very best. I would have welcomed him to North Queensland, and I am proud, when I read of his work in the Savannahs, to think of him as a priest of the English Church. There is only one thing that I could have wished for him, that is a little livelier sense of humour. It would have saved him from many misadventures, and might have saved the Church—but then what is the use of wishing? And is there any really great preacher or statesman who has swayed the fate of nations, that might not have been marred by a capacity for seeing the funny side of his own actions?

It is due to John Wesley's lucid sincerity, and to his simple, direct style of writing, that his Journal is a veritable gallery of portraits. But the portraits are not ready-made nor completed. John Wesley rarely gives more than details here and there, but from those details it is possible to fit the fragments into a whole. Take, for instance, Susannah Wesley, his mother, who was a veritable mother for heroes. If she had known the Japanese proverb, "Bears tumble their whelps down the hillside," she probably would have approved it to the letter. Her theories of

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education were distinctly heroic. They are reproduced in full in the Diary, and it is difficult to resist the temptation to quote all her rules. At Epworth Rectory education commenced shortly after birth. The children, "when turned a year old (and some before), were taught to fear the rod and to cry softly, by which means they escaped the abundance of correction they might otherwise have had, and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house." When each child attained the age of five years it was taught to read. Mrs. Wesley and the wretched infant abode alone together in the schoolroom until the task was completed. "One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly." Samuel learned in a few hours, and at once began on the first chapter of Genesis. Even these Spartan methods seem better than the dreadful emotionalism among school-children, described in the Diaries as being of constant occurrence. None the less, one cannot avoid feeling sad at the thought of the forlorn infants learning to cry softly and mastering, each in one day, the mysteries, not of Aleph but of the whole alphabet.

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Yet will Dr. Montessori and other educationalists succeed in training men of such tremendous energy and overwhelming sense of duty as the men who passed under the hand of Susannah Wesley ?

A contrast between John Wesley and another great diarist, Mr. Samuel Pepys, would be interesting and instructive. Mr. Pepys, on the whole, was a good churchgoer, although he sought the House of God for some reasons which John Wesley would have roundly condemned. He was a man of affairs, a courtier, and the rest of it. His self-realisation will always appeal to a wider circle. But in directness of thought, in simplicity of language, in power of description, and of self-portraiture Mr. Wesley and Mr. Pepys are wonderfully alike.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY
POCKET-BOOK

“Pepys’s simple register of his daily life has achieved what Molière’s wit and invention would have attempted in vain.”

—R. GARNETT.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY POCKET-BOOK

A WET day led to the discovery in an attic of an old pocket-book bearing the date of 1776. The owner was rather more than the ordinary country squire. After leaving Oxford he had done the grand tour, of which performance he has left a record in thirteen volumes written in a villainously-pointed Italian hand. His multi-flowered waistcoats and other modish garments—all reposing in the attics—show that he had been affected by the Macaroni fashions of his day. But in 1776 he was settled in North Lincolnshire, and the pocket-book, used for no less a period than twenty-seven years, gives faint glimpses of middle-class life and manners in the days of George III.

The book itself is the *Ladies' Town and Country Pocket Journal*, evidently published annually. A considerable part of the printed matter has been removed to make room for between twenty and thirty pages of manuscript, upon which are written numerous brief records of marriages, deaths, and other local happenings. These records are of

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tantalising brevity. "Two clergymen died in Healing Church as they were doing duty, and one succeeded the other." It not infrequently occurs that a priest is called direct from the altar into the Presence, but were these two called on one day? A "long snow" began on 27th November 1778, and continued until 22nd January following. And a "most violent storm of wind" occurred on the night of 31st December 1788—and so on. The names of those who married and those who died have been perpetuated in the places where they once lived, but that is not strange. Lincolnshire has suffered less than most English counties from the general decay of the old landed gentry. These particular records have no general interest, except that the death, on September 1796, of a certain Mrs. Summerscales, whose culinary powers are still a legend in the household, recalls a village superstition probably based upon a fact. On dark nights her voice may be heard in the attics, so at least it is said, exhorting all and sundry as follows, "Save your stomachs for the barbecued pig." Would not Dickens have exulted in such a ghost? He might have immortalised her as the attendant at some country feast where the guests ate with Homeric gusto.

The owner of the pocket-book was seriously

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mined. He even attempted—but only for three pages—a catechetical manual of Scripture history. The arrangement and the matter of the embryonic treatise on divinity is unconventional in the extreme. It begins with the birth of our Lord. It ends with the tragedy of the Flood. The penultimate statement is remarkable. It is that “Adam lived 900,30 years.” From other entries, however, it appears that the comma in such cases must be read as “and,” but the statement is still startling enough in these days of Higher Criticism.

A similar number of pages of manuscript is occupied by a list of toasts which the writer could consult as the occasion demanded. The toasts are not particularly witty nor novel, but they illustrate the sort of things that simple country gentlemen said to one another and to their ladies. The proper form of “challenging” a toast is carefully noted, and, curiously enough, it has survived unto the present day. During last year in a celebrated Cambridge college I was toasted by the courteous Master as follows: “My Lord Bishop, sir, your health and many happy years.” This is the exact toast which was considered proper in polite Lincolnshire society in the year of our Lord 1776. The custom of toasting guests is now a charming anachronism at private tables, but as late as 1838

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—I quote from a fascinating manual of etiquette for early Victorians, also a treasure trove—the rules for giving and receiving toasts were *en rigueur*. The particular toasts recorded are chiefly “challenges” to the whole company. Here are a few chosen at random :

Love without fear and life without ease.

Friendship without interest and love without deceit.

Power to the merciful and riches to the generous.

May virtue be your guide and fortune your attendant.

May the friend we love be sincere and the country we live in be free.

Here's wishing the single double and the double happy.

Merry have we met, merry have we been, merry may we part, and merry may we meet again.

The pocket-book also contains *memoria technica* of parlour accomplishments, tricks with cards, and riddles. To some of the latter the writer omitted to append the answer, and we are left wondering who were the three Christian people he met “a going upon Boston Church steeple, who were neither men, women, nor children.” On the other hand, the majority of the riddles deal with simple country flowers familiar to all—“What the jealous never enjoy—heartsease,” or women's names : “L for 50, U for 5, C for a hundred, I for 1, and that's the lady's name at the font stone.”

The printed matter must have been of great

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assistance to the owner of the pocket-book in the parlour during the long winter evenings. There are enigmas, rebuses, and poems for recitation dealing with such universally interesting subjects as weddings and marriage licences. There are also “new country dances for the year 1776,” the “laws of the game of piquet,” and “at the request of several of our fair correspondents” there is “inserted the method of playing the game of lottery which may be esteem’d the most amusing upon the cards.” The game “cannot but be agreeable, for even those players, whose vivacity prevents them from giving the least attention to their game, may here play without any disadvantage.” This is a qualification which should commend the game in the second Georgian era.

The names of the dances are simply fascinating. Here are some : “Guardian Angels, Miss Tashi’s Maggot, The Liberal Lover, Now or Never, Who Cares for You, The Comical Fellow, The Regatta.” But, alas, the rules for their performance do not lean to the side of lucidity. What can be made nowadays of the directions for dancing the “Regatta” ? “Hey contrary sides ; the same on your own sides ; lead down and up again and cast off ; lead out sides.” That is all !

In these days of taxi-cabs, motor-omnibuses,

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tubes, and such like it is an interesting sidelight upon eighteenth-century London to study the varying rates of hackney coachmen, hackney chairmen, and watermen. Hackney chairmen were obliged by law to go one mile for a shilling and a mile and a half for one and sixpence. "A shilling coach fare is an eighteenpence chair fare." To prevent disputes between argumentative chairmen and equally argumentative fares certain journeys are specified. It was a shilling rate from "St. James gate through the Park to Westminster Hall." It cost eighteenpence to go from "Hay-market playhouse to Bloomsbury-square, to Queen-square, to Red-lion square, to Gray's inn." On the other hand, if the Archbishop of Canterbury took a boat from Whitehall to Lambeth it would cost him sixpence with "ores"—threepence with "sculls."

Equally interesting, as social sidelights, are "some forms of polite message cards of 1776." Surely the lady who wrote the following was innocent of any *double entendre*: "Lady G——'s compliments to Miss Rushden, and hopes for the honour of her agreeable company this evening in Hill-street, to meet a select party. There will be four tables, and the dear Colonel will be present." "Miss Rushden's respectful compliments to Lady G—— and will not fail to have the honour of attend-

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ing her Ladyship in the evening, as an inducement to which even the dear Colonel's company was not necessary."

Here is another model: "Dolly Needham presents her compliments to Miss Mariner; hopes she is not indisposed in consequence of Monday evening's excursion to Vauxhall; and flatters herself that she will be of a second party to the same place, which is agreed on for Thursday next, when honest Will. Draper will be present." To this no formal answer is suggested.

Country cousins are generally welcomed in London, and probably they receive as many kindnesses as they deserve in the twentieth century, as did their prototypes of two hundred years ago. But consider what is implied in this: "Lady F.-M.'s Devoirs to Mrs. Cowley, and begs the favour of her company to-morrow morning to attend a set of Worcestershire relations to Westminster Abbey, the Wax works, St. Paul's, The Tower, &c.—Country curiosity must be indulged."

The second of the two following polite message cards is decidedly "sniffy": "Lady Harriet L.'s compliments to her dear Mrs. Anstey, and hopes to have the honour of her agreeable company to dinner on Saturday at Mr. Freemore's in Bucklersbury, to keep her in countenance in a city visit."

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—"Mrs. Anstey hopes there can be no disgrace in visiting a citizen. It is a respectable character in a trading nation. She will with pleasure attend Lady Harriet's appointment."

Very different is the correspondence of these two honest matrons: "Mrs. Dupont has promised her little boys and girls a visit to Sadler's Wells in the evening, and has engaged a box. She hopes that if Mrs. Palmer is not better engaged, she will honour them with her company, and bring Billy and Louisa in her hand."—"Mrs. Palmer will have the happiness of attending Mrs. Dupont in the evening; . . . There can be no pleasure, my dear Madam, superior to that of gratifying the harmless wishes of our dear children." Incidentally the reply shows that an occasional lapse from *oratio obliqua* was allowable in polite eighteenth-century correspondence.

Someone has said recently that motorists have rediscovered the lost roads from London, and motorists might find illumination in a "Table of the principal roads in England according to the measured distances." Truly these roads seem to have been measured from strange starting-places. The road to Bath commenced appropriately at Hyde Park Corner. The road to Stilton was measured from Shoreditch Church. The road

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between London and Bridgnorth started from an ill-omened spot—Tyburn.

The volume concludes with a list of “ Remarkable Events,” which it is difficult to avoid quoting in full, not only because of the startling character of the information, but because the list itself suggests a new standard of value in history. The following is greatly abridged :

4004 B.C.—On the fourth day of the creation, at noon, according to Kennedy, the earth first received its diurnal motion.

74 A.D.—On examination several persons at Rome were found to be a hundred, a hundred and twenty, a hundred and thirty, a hundred and thirty-one, a hundred and thirty-two, a hundred and thirty-eight, and a hundred and forty years old. Two were advanced to a hundred and fifty.

1014.—July 29. Basilius, Emperor of the East, defeated Bulgarians, made fifteen thousand of them prisoners, whose eyes he caused to be put out, except one man in a hundred, to whom he left one eye, to serve as leaders to the rest.

1179.—At Christmas, at a place called Oxen-hall, near Darlington, in the Bishopric of Durham, the earth raised itself up like a lofty tower, and remained several hours in that posture ; on a sudden, it sunk down again, with a horrid noise, and the earth so sucked it in, that it made there a deep pit, which continues to this day. Mr. Camden supposes it to be the wells that are now called the hell-kettles.

After the year 1201 apparently no remarkable events occurred.

The old pocket-book, with its faded leather

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cover, must now be closed. It is not a valuable historical document, but it is full of human interest. It has opened to me a tiny window, through which, for the space of a wet afternoon, I have caught glimpses of a bygone England.

“ PIG-CHEER ”

“Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

“Unlike to mankind’s mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours’ fare.”—CHARLES LAMB.

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THEY are killing a pig in the village this morning—the first of many that must die at Christmastide. Shrieking complaints against hard fate can be heard mingling with the harsher cries of the rooks. The rooks had their pogrom in May, but it has been forgotten, and now they are not altogether uninterested in the tragic happenings in the garth. For the pig concerned the writer feels a deep pity. Everything is so contrary to his past experience. He never had to fend for his food as the feathered folk do. He has been pampered all his life. Familiar hands have ministered to his gastronomic needs more and more plentifully. Farther and farther yet he had snuggled into the warm straw to sleep away the melancholy days of winter. The sty was his little world in which he dwelt secure. But suddenly, at an hour that he dreamed not of, destruction fell upon him. The foundations of his world are out of course. Rough hands have dragged him forth, and are now preparing him for the last experience of life. Little wonder that the

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air is rent by his unavailing protests against the exceeding bitterness of his lot.

There is a story told of an aged farmer in the neighbourhood who once showed a glimmering appreciation of these tragic happenings—at least, in the aggregate. A stern vegetarian once propounded to him the awful situation in which he would find himself on the Judgment Day, when confronted by a long row of the oxen whose flesh he had eaten. The old man put aside the picture in place of another still more terrible. “’Taint the beasts I’d be scared on,” he remarked, “it’s the pigs. I’ve yetten a sight o’ pigs.” He was probably unmanned, for the moment, by market day, for a North Lincolnshire farmer would never think, in ordinary times, of wasting any pity on pigs. Pigs are appointed to be slain, and probably his more sober judgment would be that they “noan do soa badly i’ their time.” Indeed, another old local worthy, whose sturdy years have reached almost fourscore and ten, spoke last week as though the crowning sorrow of his life was this : “Somehow I can’t yeat so much bacon as I ust.”

Pigs occupy a large space on the village horizon throughout the whole year. It has been said that a new form of salutation has arisen in Germany since the war. It relates to the future perdition

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of the English. Here the greetings in the market-place frequently take this laconic form : “ How’s pigs ? ” It is not a question affecting alone the farmer nor the “ pig jobber,” as the middleman is called. Do social reformers realise the extent in which pigs affect the question of agricultural wages in some parts of the country ? All honour be to anyone who aims at righting wrongs, and at bringing the manhood and womanhood of the country back to the land. The land is a better nursery for strong limbs and deep breasts than the town streets can ever be, even though these may lead to enthralling professional football matches by day, and to picture shows at night. But the man now on the land is not always so badly off as it is the custom for perfervid political orators to assume. Look, for instance, at this village. At first sight the wages seem shockingly low to those who assess the conditions of the farm in terms of the cotton mill. They vary from 12s. 8d. to 18s. per week ! But the farm hands have cottages free—not the hovels that stirred Charles Kingsley to righteous wrath, but comfortable homes with gardens and orchards attached. There is a good water supply, largely due to the squire’s public spirit, free to all. And, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, similar conditions prevail

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throughout the county. The old things are passing away, if they have not already done so. And it is a good thing, too. The conditions of the old folk sixty years ago were very different from that of the younger generation. As the great headmaster of Uppingham said, in another connection, if people are housed like pigs they cannot be blamed if their lives approximate thereto. Now the danger is that reformers who do not understand rural conditions, in their desire to make the lot of the farm labourer like that of the townsman, may make the economic condition of the labourer less desirable from his own point of view, and at the same time rob the country of one industry at least where there is a real community of interest between master and men.

In the village, in addition to the nominal wages in silver, there are many payments in kind. The labourers can get milk free. The price to others in the village is 3*d.* per quart. They each get an annual proportion of the potatoes grown on the farm, four bags of a hundredweight each, or four rows of the farmer's potato field. They have coals, carted free, at wholesale price. They have extra wages at harvest and at sheep dipping and clipping time. In the case of the shepherd, there is a bonus at lambing-tide. Moreover (and

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this is the point) to every man there is appointed a pig. This pig is fed not by the labouring men, but by the farmer's garthman and at the farmer's cost. This does not end the farmer's responsibility. Each pig is computed to scale thirty stones' weight when killed. If the weight is more, the farmer claims the overplus ; if less, he pays for the shortage in cash and at current rates. Before the war bacon cost, locally, six shillings a stone ; now it is eight shillings or more. But whatever the cost, 420 pounds of bacon per year is no despicable addition to any man's income, and there are other things besides.

As December approaches the styes become great centres of attraction on Sunday afternoons. The visitors look forward with almost Teutonic eagerness to “ the day,” and for one pig “ the day ” has dawned. His complaints have already died away. To-night he will be scoured and “ sorted out.” To-morrow will begin the hospitable ritual connected with his demise. First, some pig fry must be distributed. This consists of a little liver, a little lean pork, some midgen (*anglice*, fat from the stomach), and a few slices of kidney. *A la rigueur*, this must not be put in a basket, nor wrapped in a napkin. It must be set out upon a plate and covered with a piece of skin, called, locally, the

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“apron.” It is a foretaste of a more generous gift known in Lincolnshire by the attractive old-English name of pig-cheer. Pig-cheer varies according to the generosity of the donor, and to the closeness of the friendship the gift implies. A good basket of pig-cheer means a pork-pie, a link of sausages, a piece of uncooked spare-rib or chine, a mould of brawn, some scraps of leaf fat, a mince-pie or two, and some “ducks” or “harslets”—the former being minced meat cooked with sage and onions, the latter savoury scraps of pork fried and allowed to cool. Here is a dainty basket to set before a village epicure! Yet there is more to come. Weeks before the event of to-day invitations have been issued by word of mouth to the “pig-feast,” which takes place automatically on the Sunday afternoon after the pig is killed, in the owner’s kitchen or parlour. Then the table groans with cold pig in many forms, and all will be washed down with Homeric draughts, not of mead, but of tea. Pig-cheer is an offering of friendship and goodwill. There will not be a solitary house in the village where a couple or more of these gifts will not find their way. The poor are seldom “near” with one another, and the labourer’s wife would feel herself disgraced if she broke the canons of hospitality and kept her pig

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to cheer her own fireside alone. The north country farmer, too, is a hard man to bargain with, but he is no churlish Nabal to ask, “ Shall I then take my flesh that I have killed for my shearers and give it to men whom I know not whence they be ? ”

During the past few weeks a wholly new thing has happened. A family of refugees has come into the village. They, too, are simple country folk who suffered unutterable things before they found their way to sanctuary. It might reasonably have been expected that they would have been filled with hatred now against the Germans. On the contrary, there is no bitterness. They relate in dull tones how they were driven to and fro, as though they were speaking of some unreasoning brute force. When at last they reached the village the woman broke down completely. For two days she crouched over the fire weeping. Then she kirtled up her skirts and set to work to swill the cottage yard. The simple duty seemed to have the same effect that “ washing herself ” has upon a cat, and the woman became at home. Tomorrow night a plate of pig-fry will be handed in at the cottage door. The man will say “ tank.” It is the one word of English he thinks that he knows, and he is inordinately proud of this rudimentary gift of tongues. Other offerings will follow,

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but what will be done with them the villagers cannot think. The prevailing opinion appears to be that “them furriners doesn’t know what to do with a bit of good meat. They cuts it all up for soup like.” Pig-cheer will be given to the Belgians all the same. And so it may happen that the pig, whose vociferous laments have ceased for ever, has been dignified as a means whereby some simple cottage folk, at this sad Christmastide, have rendered liegeman’s service to Him Who said: “I was a stranger and ye took Me in: I was hungry and ye gave Me meat.”

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“ To visit a country in search of the beautiful in nature is scarcely worth the expense involved, while to study it in search of the beautiful in man not only repays the trouble an hundredfold, but indirectly conduces to the peace of the world at large. And to this end there is nothing like the study of a nation's literature. It is always an index and mirror of a nation's mind.”—SANKI ICHIKAWA.

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I

BUSHI-Do

THE word Bushi-Do, translated literally, means "Military-Knight-Way," that is the path of conduct for the fighting nobles of Japan. Bushi-Do made somewhat the same appeal to these nobles that grand phrase *noblesse oblige* made to the French aristocracy. Each asserts the fact that rank imposes obligations. There is this difference, however, between the East and West. In France the great mass of the people before the Revolution were untouched by the aristocratic standard, such as it was. In Japan the knightly code was held with fervour by the military class until the day when, at a word from the Emperor, it effaced itself for ever, and for this very reason it influenced the masses also. Baron Suyematsu asserts that the inclusion of the masses was sought deliberately by those in authority. Wherever Japanese literature was studied the doctrines of Bushi-Do formed part of that study, while religious teachers

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fervently exhorted the illiterate to walk in the way of the *bushi*.

Bushi-Do had a much firmer religious basis than it has been the custom to assume in England. It centred around the primitive Shinto conception of the Emperor as the visible representative of Heaven. So far as Buddhism is concerned the foundation does not seem so sure, but it is a mistake to think that Japanese Buddhism is identical with the original theories of that religion, or that its development has kept step with that of Ceylon, or Burmah, or China. Cases have been known of *bushi* who have left the path of war for the contemplative seclusion of the monastery. But the Japanese, so long as they remained unaffected by a Western spirit of scepticism, found no great difficulty in being both Shintoists and Buddhists. The two religions were regarded as complementary rather than antagonistic to one another.

As a matter of fact it is probable that the Japanese mind never worried itself upon the question until it was suggested by foreigners. This was the case with Dr. Inazo Nitobé, who has done more to familiarise Europeans with Bushi-Do than any man living. He expressed himself as being "stunned" by a question first put to him in Belgium: "How do you propose to provide

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moral education if you never teach religion in the schools of your country ? ” He then realised that his ideas of right and wrong had come to him from an atmosphere of Bushi-Do, which surrounded his boyhood as closely as the air of heaven. Dr. Nitobé was evidently in love with Bushi-Do, but the most striking feature of his book, *The Soul of Japan*, was the conviction underlying it that the day of his fair goddess was drawing towards evening. This is his lament for her : “ Alas for knightly virtues ; alas for samurai pride. Morality ushered into the world with the sound of bugles and drums is destined to fade away as the captains and the kings depart.” These words were written when the shadows of the war with Russia were drawing over the sky. Would they have been written if the author had seen the magnificent exhibition of patriotic spirit shown by his fellow-countrymen during the struggle that was then coming ?

Looking at *The Soul of Japan* in the light of subsequent events, it seems as though Dr. Nitobé made the great mistake of regarding the feudal system of Japan as something *sui generis*. He compared feudal Japan with America instead of with feudal Europe. He also made the mistake of thinking, because Carlyle said something of

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the sort about days of Western chivalry, that the medium in which the ardent deeds of the *bushi* took shape had gone for ever. If the spirit of Japanese feudalism arose, phoenix-like, from the burning plains of Manchuria, may it not be said, with equal truth, that the spirit of Cressy and Poitiers has shown that idealism is not dead in the souls of the French and English ?

An Englishman writing from Manchuria expressed his surprise at the constant way in which the Japanese discussed the maxims of feudal days. When a number of officers of any standing or rank were gathered together, in nine times out of ten they were found to be discussing the doctrines of Bushi-Do. General Terauchi, speaking in Tokio during the progress of hostilities, attributed the "unprecedented success" that had attended Japanese arms to the "illustrious virtues of his Imperial Majesty, and to the spirit of Bushi-Do" that filled the hearts of the whole people. The gallant soldier drew aside the curtain of reserve that so often obscures the Japanese from their friends, and allowed us to look at the primary motive of his own life and the lives of his fellow-countrymen. "As among the flowers the cherry is queen, so among men the samurai is lord," sang the people; in singing the soul of the samurai

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touched with the flame of loyalty the souls of the people.

The tripod upon which the system of Bushi-Do rested is summed up in the three words Chi, Jiu, and Yu. These may be translated into English by the following words—Wisdom, Benevolence, and Courage, on the clear understanding that the first two words have a somewhat different meaning in Japan to what they now possess in England. In the first place wisdom has very little to do with knowledge-getting. According to Bushi-Do the seat of wisdom is not in the intellect but in the character. To a surprising extent this attitude is adopted in modern Japan side by side with an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Thus patriotism and hardihood are inculcated in a boy from his infancy. Should he cry for some small pain his mother asks him what he will do when his arm is cut off for Nippon's sake. There was a samurai saying to the effect that "bears tumble their whelps down the hillside." The interpretation of the saying is that boys should be subjected to hardships, such as deprivation from food and exposure to cold and fatigue, simply to strengthen them to be worthy of their lineage. This is done not only by parents, but as a part of public education. Once I made the ascent of Asama-Yama, a

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volcano over eight thousand feet in height. I rode to the foot of the mountain from Karuizawa on a fightable little pony. I took with me a servant to carry my impedimenta. And yet I found the scramble through the vast fields of cinders a satisfactory day's work. On my return to Karuizawa I was informed that a schoolmaster had done the same journey on foot with a party of small boys. All that each of these young mountaineers carried with them in the way of food was a diminutive ball of boiled rice pressed hard around a green pickle. Such trials of endurance were part of the ordinary school routine. Is it surprising to find that such boys grow up as hard-set men, for whom fatigue and deprivation have no terrors? The Japanese may not be a race of supermen, nor have they any apparent desire to advance such an egregious claim. They may not have will-power beyond all other races. They certainly do possess a traditional education of character in which the methods of Sparta and Athens are blended harmoniously.

“Benevolence,” the second support of the tripod of Bushi-Do, is the goodwill of the brave man. The phrase *bushi-no-nasaké*, “the tenderness of the warrior,” appealed to whatever was truly noble in the samurai, although the phrase had its counter-

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poise in another saying : “ Benevolence, indulged beyond measure, sinks into weakness.” It is in the immediate application of the virtue that we are confronted with the greatest contrasts between the manners of East and West. One incident in Japanese history is so constantly referred to in Japan, and is said by the Japanese themselves to have influenced so profoundly their national ideals, that no apology is needed for repeating an oft-told tale. At Suma, near Kobé, a sanguinary fight took place between the rival clans of Taira and Minamoto. A famous samurai, Kumagai Naozané, attached to the victorious Minamoto, overtook an enemy and defeated him in single combat. The knightly etiquette required that no further blood should be shed unless the vanquished proved to be a man of equal rank to the conqueror. To be clear upon this point, the grim warrior tore off the helmet of his prostrate foe, only to find beneath it the face of a young boy. The fair, beardless face appealed to the man. It reminded him of his own son, who had fallen earlier in the day. “ Away, young prince, to thy mother’s side,” he said ; “ the sword of Kumagai shall never be stained with thy blood.” The boy, a delicate young nobleman, scarcely sixteen years old, made the extraordinary plea that the warrior should treat him as his equal

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and despatch him. Kumagai reflected that the boy would not only be dishonoured by any weakness on his part, but that he would further be dishonoured if he was overpowered again by a sword less noble than his own. His sword flashed, and the boy's head rolled upon the ground. This story forms the plot of one of the best-known dramas in Japan, and however strange the working of the warrior's mind may seem to Western eyes, the fact remains that it was the result of his goodwill. This point may not become less strange, but it is emphasized by the subsequent events. Kumagai sent the head and the spoils of war to the lad's father. He himself abjured warfare thereafter. He took monastic vows in the temple of Kurodani, where numerous relics of him are shown to-day, although the battle of Tchi-no-tani took place in the year of our reckoning 1184. There is only one other story repeated of the after life of Kumagai Naozané. After his profession as a monk he never once turned his back on the West, "where lies the paradise whence salvation cometh, and whither the sun hastens daily for his hour of rest."

In the course of a speech to the members of the Authors' Club a year or so back, Lord Redesdale told, upon the authority of the late Admiral Sir

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Assheton Curzon Howe, a remarkable story, which illustrates not only the point in the speaker's mind—the meaning of *hara-kiri*—but also this *bushi-no-nasaké*. A certain Commander Hirosé, who had once been an attaché in Petrograd, was entrusted with the dangerous task of sinking a ship in the fairway channel at Port Arthur. He succeeded in doing this in the face of a murderous fire. On his return to his own vessel Hirosé missed a midshipman, so he at once went back to the ship, in which the mine, set with a long fuse, had not exploded. The midshipman was lying dead on deck, so the commander returned once more to his station. Then it occurred to him that he had left his sword behind him, and this could not be allowed without the certainty of inward disgrace. For the third time Hirosé climbed upon the deck of the mined ship. The mine exploded and he was killed. The incident to Western eyes may seem an example of Quixotic courage rather than of benevolence, but what must be thought of the sequel? Among Hirosé's effects was found a letter to his family saying that they must never expect to see him again. His life belonged to his Emperor during the war, but he had so many close friends among the Russians, and had accepted so many kindnesses from them, that he could only repay the

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debt, to which he had added so greatly in the necessary service of his country, by committing *hara-kiri*—dying by his own hand on the deck of his own battleship.

The subject of *bushi-no-nasaké* is so fascinating that it will not be out of place to make a full abstract from a letter written by a young Japanese officer to his brother in England. Lieutenant Tokutaro Oshiro was decorated for gallantry at Mukden. His letter runs : “ An ugly goddess is the goddess of war. Among the wounded Russians was a boy of barely sixteen or seventeen, a drummer boy, shot through both legs. He held a rosary in his hand, praying. Poor mite, the pity of it ! Pointing to the red cross upon the arm of the bearer I called out in Chinese, ‘ Surgeon, my brave little fellow.’ No answer. Then in Russian, ‘ Doctor.’ Then I told him he was safe. This in German—that was about my stock of languages. He was a Pole, I think, for he spoke German. He was so thirsty that my bottle was not enough for him, so another half of the bearer bottle was given to him too, and he had some biscuits. I had a strong yearning to ask him about his home, but no, he is weak, and his spirit must be kept up. ‘ Your wound is nothing. Japanese hospital attendants will be here soon and take you away. And soon you will be able to go

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home to your parents.' Covering him up with blankets and coats taken from the Russian dead, I was just walking away when he cried out after me: 'A moment, officer, a moment. Kind officer, I have something to give you—this book. It was given me by my father when I was leaving home for the front. I have nothing more valuable to offer you, sir. It is the most precious thing I possess.' He kissed my hand repeatedly, crying bitterly. I accepted the book, and without a word turned away to find another sufferer. I would not have broken down for a colonelcy before these bearers and my own men."

In the same letter, Lieutenant Oshiro tells, with not a little humour, how he saw a tiny little Pekinese spaniel wandering masterless between two trenches. The dog answered to his whistle, so he adopted it. On one occasion the dog followed him in an attack that was being made on some Russian lines, but with his short legs and long coat "the little fellow could not keep up with us, so with my *kanemitsu* (sword) in my right hand I held the little creature, panting, under my left arm and charged." These stories, told with all the simplicity of a "nice boy" writing from the British lines to his father at home, show that Lieutenant Tokutaro Oshiro was wanting neither in courage, which is the same all the world

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over, nor in *bushi-no-nasaké*. Such spirit as his any nation in the world may be proud to find in her sons.

Wisdom, benevolence, and courage support the system of Bushi-Do, but according to that same system loyalty is highly commended. It is the subject of the most stirring of the many stirring tales of old Japan. Lord Redesdale made a permanent contribution to English literature when he told the story of the loyalty of the forty-seven ronins to their dead lord. How deeply the incident affected the popular imagination may be judged, by any traveller, from the tributes of honour paid to-day to the memory of a fierce act of loyalty. Pious hands still deck the graves at Senga Kugi with green boughs and burn incense before them. I myself have seen private soldiers stand at attention and salute the resting-place of Kura-no-Suké, the chief of the masterless men. That faithful man being dead yet liveth in the souls of his countrymen. His spirit must be reckoned with to-day by all who would meet the sons of the Islands of the Dragon Fly face to face, either as friends or foes.

Rectitude of conduct is another precept of Bushi-Do. Nothing was more alien to samurai morality than underhand dealing. A well-known *bushi* thus

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defined the virtue: "Rectitude is the power of decision upon a certain course of conduct in accordance to reason without wavering, to die when it is right to die, to strike when it is right to strike." The *bushi* held that his word was his bond, and history is full of thrilling stories of men of his class who atoned by death for *ni-gon*—a double tongue.

The charge is frequently made that Japanese traders are not so trustworthy as the corresponding class in China. The charge is worth consideration at a time when we are proud of our Japanese friends, and it must be allowed that it had some basis in the past. To-day the Japanese are as keen as any European nation in strengthening the weaknesses of their social system. The true explanation of a deficiency of rectitude among traders may be found in the social organisation of a state where for centuries trade, and the handling of money, and talking about money, were accounted degrading. All the best elements of Japanese culture were associated with the military class. The *bushi* were not permitted to trade under any circumstances. In China things were different. There the merchant was respected and self-respecting. But if we want to know the Japanese as a nation, we must look at the class in which their ideals are exemplified, not at the class which

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they themselves—rightly or wrongly—despised for centuries.

One conviction has grown gradually upon me while wandering in many lands, and trying to be friends with many strange peoples. It is that God has made of one blood every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. East may be East, and West, West, but it is only a poetic overstatement to declare that never the twain shall meet. On the contrary, a study of Bushi-Do has made me feel that the Japanese and the English are very much at one in those things where there seemed to exist the most complete divergence of ideal and conduct. What the samurai meant that the English gentleman has meant, and, please God, will mean so long as England is a nation.

Speaking shortly after Japan had taken steps to act up to their treaty with this country, Count Okuma said (and his words echo and re-echo like a trumpet call): "It will be our one ambition at this time to show the West—what it is slow to believe—that we can work harmoniously with great Occidental Powers to support and protect the highest ideals of civilisation, even to the extent of dying for them. Not only in the Far East, but anywhere else that may be necessary, Japan is ready to lay down her life for the principles that

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the foremost nations will die for. It is to be in line with these nations that she is at this time opposing and fighting what she believes to be opposed to these principles. Japan's relation to the present conflict is as a defender of the things that make for higher civilisation and a more permanent peace." This is worthy of the highest traditions of the samurai. Who dare say that it did not spring direct from the soul of Bushi-Do ?

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II

THE TANKA AND THE HOKKU

About thirteen years ago I had the delight of hearing Professor Basil Chamberlain read a paper upon the poetry of Japan. We listened among the gathering shades of a spring evening, in a room in Shiba overlooking a Japanese garden with its heavy shaded cryptogamia as dark as death, and a few cherry trees bursting into fresh life. I then learned to distinguish between the earliest form of Japanese poetry, the *tanka*, with its five-lined verse of thirty-one syllables, and the *hokku*, which has seventeen syllables arranged in three lines. Later on, when the cherry trees were in full bloom, I saw frail pieces of rice paper twisted around twigs near to the blossoms, and I knew that each of these was a *hokku* written, perchance by a student, perchance by a coolie, as a tribute to a beauty which is regarded by all as a national possession. Still later, in Australia, Japanese friends I made there presented me with similar delicate gifts, which they painfully endeavoured to translate into our intractable English tongue. Their

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kind efforts, let me confess it, were never crowned with the success they deserved. They could not convey to one of an alien race all the thoughts of heaven and earth and sky, of the birds and the flowers and the insects, that reminded these dwellers in a strange land of *Akitsusu*—the islands of the dragon-fly—thoughts which they themselves had placed in the tiniest of cages.

It is almost incredible that so minute a frame can possibly contain a poem ! The briefest triolet of Provençal verse appears gigantic beside a *hokku*. Professor Chamberlain called it “the tiniest of vignettes, a sketch in barest outline, the suggestion not the description of a scene or circumstance, a little dab of colour thrown upon a canvas one inch square, where the spectator is left to guess at the picture as best he may.” It is a smile half formed, a sigh suppressed almost before it becomes audible.

Lafcadio Hearn once said that at their best English translations of Japanese verses can only seem like pressed leaves beside the live flowers of the original. This is very true. There is perhaps only one Western writer who escaped the common fate of all men who attempt to translate Eastern poetry, and even he failed magnificently in another direction. It might be too much to expect the average Persian scholar to appreciate the exquisite

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English of Edward FitzGerald's translation of the Rubáiyát and Quatrains of Omar Khayyám. Omar Khayyám is not counted in his own country as one of the greatest Persian poets, and his countrymen are not a little puzzled by the English devotion to his verse and by their indifference to his greater rivals. Some day a second Edward FitzGerald may arise to interpret to us Japanese verse. So far, it must be confessed, no marked success in this direction has been attained either by Englishmen or Japanese translators. In addition to the language difficulty, which could not easily be greater than it is, the English are baffled by a wilful obscurity in the words, while the Japanese can find no Occidental framework at all approximating to their own fragile verse.

A brave attempt has been made recently by Mr. W. M. Porter to transpose the *tanka* and the *hokku* into English settings—the former in *A Hundred Verses from Old Japan*, the latter in *A Year of Japanese Epigrams*. It is to be regretted that the attempt has not been more successful, but Mr. Porter, in his anxiety to recommend his subject to British readers, has adopted a metre and form of verse which it is difficult to make attractive or even dignified. Moreover, his use of scansion and rhyme gives rise to a misconception. There is a

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sort of rhythmic beat in Japanese verse. This is not due to scansion such as is known in the West. It is due to a certain uniformity in the formation of syllables and in the equal value of vowel sounds. Also there is no deliberate use of rhyming the ends of lines. There is a regular arrangement of syllables in five or three lines. That is all. The five-lined poem is the *tanka*. The three-lined poem is the *hokku*. In both *tanka* and *hokku* there is a similar play upon words, and a deliberate use of alternative meanings that suggest an anagram. In the whole realm of poetry, at least as I know it, there is nothing exactly like these forms of verse, but the ancient *tanka* and the more modern *hokku* have an attractiveness that is all their own. From the nature of the case the latter is more epigrammatic, but they are both the vehicles of real poetical thought. And perhaps, some day, a genius will arise to give us another precious garland of exotic verse.

There is a certain well-known *hokku* written in the eighteenth century of our era by the greatest Japanese poetess — a lady called Chiyo. The Japanese words transliterated in roman characters are :

“Tombo-tori
Kyo wa dokora ye
Ita yarra.”

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Mr. Porter gives the following free translation :

“ Autumn and autumn skies,
But where's my laddie, he who chased
The flitting dragon-flies? ”

Mr. Yone Noguchi, who is hampered by an alien tongue, gives a translation which may be regarded as being as literal as is possible :

“ The hunter of the dragon-flies
To-day how far away
May he have gone. ”

There are few boyish pastimes more popular than that of chasing the dragon-flies. Sometimes the little sportsmen try to catch these gigantic insects with lines and hooks, but more frequently they run after them, with much the same hope of success as the puppy has when he chases swallows on a heavy afternoon as they fly close to the ground. There are few Japanese poems that have been more frequently translated. Professor Chamberlain has written a verse, but it cannot compare in pathos to a prose translation he adventured in that room in Shiba. To the best of my memory it ran something like this : “ Where is the little hunter of the dragon-flies to-day—ah ! where ? ” When it is realised that in the popular belief dragon-

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flies are the horses upon which the spirits of the dead ride, I venture to think that this simple question reveals the sword-thrust in a mother's heart when she saw the dragon-flies her little son once hunted, and which then carried him whither she knew not.

Two charming stories may be told of Kaga-no-Chiyo, to give the poetess her full name. They are illustrative of the deliberate obscurity and the lightness of touch so often observable in Japanese literature. The first story is that Chiyo gave to her husband a *hokku* which absolutely defies translation, although its meaning is quite obvious. The poetess compares the marriage vows to a persimmon. No one can tell whether a persimmon be astringent or not until he bites it, nor can happiness in wedlock be assured till trial has been made. It would have been almost murderous to have displayed a sentiment so delicately veiled with anything less than an equal reserve half smiling and half sad. The second story is that Chiyo, whose soul was clothed by a matronly form, was once seriously annoyed by some waiting girls at a dinner party, who openly tittered at her name, Chiyo, which seemed as inappropriate as the diminutive "little one" would seem in England to a stout, middle-aged woman. Quick as thought the

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aggrieved poetess turned to the girls and rebuked them in the following impromptu :

“ Hito-kakae
Aredo yanagi wa
Yanagi kana.”

“ A willow may an armful be,
But 'tis a willow all the same.”

The willow tree, it should be explained, is symbolical of womanhood. The meaning, therefore, is something like this : “ I may be stout, but I am a lady and expect to be treated as a lady.”

The whole tendency of Japanese poetry has been to grow more and more diminutive. In this it paces side by side with Japanese art. What other race of artists has ever expended so much time and care upon such tiny objects as the Japanese have done ? And who would wish for one moment to undervalue either form of art because it is diminutive ? The predominating feature of the Japanese poetry is an undercurrent of pathos. “ The cherry-blossom doomed to fall, the dewdrops scattered by the wind, the mournful cry of the wild deer on the mountains, the dying crimson of the fallen maple leaves, the weird sadness of the cuckoo singing in the moonlight, the loneliness of the recluse in the mountain wilds ” —all these to the poetically minded Japanese are

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never-failing themes. It must be frankly allowed that there are fundamental variations between the Occidental and the Oriental way of looking at almost every fact in life, and that these variations cannot be laid to any one cause or set of causes. Yet, reasonably, it may be assumed that the Buddhist doctrine of the illusion of the senses has influenced the Japanese mind in this sad outlook upon life. But, on the other hand, the Japanese mind has never been entirely under the sway of illusion. This also shows itself in Japanese poetry. Let me quote from memory a translation I heard more than twelve years ago of a *hokku* written by a simple farmer in the eighteenth century: "Granted this dewdrop world is but a dewdrop world, that granted, yet——!" There the poem stopped short. What a depth of meaning rests in the final word—what a ray of light it casts into the recesses of the Japanese soul!

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III

TSURE-ZURE GUSA

“Leisurely I face my inkstone all day long, and without any particular object, jot down the odds and ends that pass through my mind, with a curious feeling that I am not sane.” Thus Kenko, the Buddhist priest, commences a book which has been regarded as a classic work in Japan for something like six centuries. It must be allowed that there are no outward signs of insanity in these pages written at random to while away the impracticable hours. If Kenko is to be taken seriously, then he may have been dimly conscious of the illusion of the senses. This is a state of mind less easily attained in Japan than in India, and Kenko was no deep thinker. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to regard Yoshida-no-Kaneyoshi, to give him his lay-name, as a simple fellow chewing a straw. *Tsure-zure Gusa* means literally “leisure-grass,” and Kenko may have suggested the idea with an ironical humility which he knew well how to affect. As a matter of fact he was a courtier deeply attached to the Mikado Go Uda-

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no-In. On the death of his lord he renounced the world, and became religious—after a fashion. And the studied simplicity of his style is in reality the result of consummate art.

Very contradictory views are taken of Kenko's character by native critics. One set regard him as an old profligate. Another school say that he was a pious man. Mr. Sanki Ichikawa, with truer perspective, says that Kenko "lived the life of a recluse without being able entirely to forego the passions and desires of the world." In *Tsurezure Gusa* it is not difficult to trace this dual personality. There is the shrewd, polished, artistic, somewhat cynical man of the world, and there is the Buddhist priest quite sincere, and consistent—up to a point. As a professor of the Tendai sect, Kenko has a great many excellent things to say about the uncertainty of life, the folly of ambition, and the necessity of putting aside the lusts of the flesh. On the other hand, he chewed some blades of leisure-grass which his best friends must heartily wish he had kept to himself.

Mr. Sanki Ichikawa maintains that an endeavour to inculcate Japanese good taste in everything runs, like a golden thread, through all the inconsequent paragraphs of these random writings. This is probably true. From an Occidental point

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of view Kenko might be regarded as a well-crusted Tory. *Laudator temporis acti* is a tag in which he would have rejoiced. He was a patrician with a fine idea of good birth. To the third and fourth generation the sons of gentlefolk are gentle, he thought, even though they fall at times into poverty. On the other hand, "when those of lower degree chance to rise in the world, and assume an aspect of arrogance, though they may think themselves grand, it is very regrettable." Moreover, Kenko had a fine conception of *noblesse oblige*. Those who, when the people are in distress and the land suffering, think it no wrong to indulge in wild extravagance, appeared to this cloistered courtier as "sadly lacking in intelligence." There is a studied moderation in language here, and elsewhere, very attractive to those in England who reverence the past and believe in a man saying rather less than he means—a belief shared by the Japanese.

Kenko could not away with vulgarity in any shape. The rough voices of the priests, he thought, did not show these followers of the Lord Buddha to advantage. The ostentatious display of rare and valuable furniture led him to surmise unfavourably what was the character of the owner. The man who talked too much, and the friend who

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could talk of nothing but his own endless affairs, were not desirable companions. Dr. Aston, the scholarly Japanese Secretary to the British Legation in Tokio, summarised what Kenko considered to be “ bad taste ” thus :

Too much furniture in one's living-room.

Too many pens in a stand.

Too many Buddhas in a private shrine.

Too many rocks, trees, and herbs in a garden.

Too many children in a house.

Too many words when men meet.

Too many books in a book-case there can never be, nor too much litter in a dustheap.

This is Japanese, with a vengeance, yet—!

Marriage to the young Japanese is a simple natural duty, for the due performance of which his parents will make all necessary arrangements at the proper time. Kenko, however, was not pleased with the man who took to himself a wife only by the permission of his parents and brothers. Still less had he to say in favour of marriages of convenience. Such marriages he characterised as being a “ very wretched state of affairs ” : “ He who is not loved for his own sake when standing in the cloudy moonlight while the air is sweet with the perfume of the plums, or when brushing through the dewdrops at the break of day upon Mikaki

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Moor, had far better have nothing to do with love at all." This is good, but what has Japanese judgment to say of Kenko's attitude towards the married state—for the family occupies a high place in Japan. After expressing his own disapproval of matrimony, largely regarded from a selfish standpoint it will be allowed, Kenko concluded that a man may be happy though married. If he lives apart from his wife as a rule, "it will be no affliction then for him to go and pay her a little visit." There is something to the same effect in Michel de Montaigne's essay, "*De la Vanité*." The great Frenchman, with all his customary frankness, there confesses that "interruptions" of "converse" filled him with fresh love towards his wife and family—a confession that obtains point from a previous statement that "Marriage meaneth a kind of converse which easily cooleth through propinquity"!

In the eighteenth century Kenko might have been hailed in this country as a man of sentiment. He had a keen eye not only for beauty, but for half-lights. To him it seemed incomparably more touching than gazing at a spotless full moon to wait and watch till, when near daybreak, the queen of heaven appeared above the branches of the cedars in the wild mountains; and then "to note

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the shadows between the trees, and how all grows dim beneath the clustering clouds as the gentle rain begins to fall." "'Tis then," he said, "that the leaves of the oak trees glistening in the wet pierce one to the heart, and make one long to get back to the capital and the society of one's friends." The anti-climax, to say the least, is unexpected. It reminds one of the Scottish gentleman who, after recounting to his friend the manifold beauties of Glasgow, concluded with the unanswerable argument that it was "a fine place to get away from."

Lafcadio Hearn used to say that in nothing were the East and West so widely divided as in their outlook upon the assertive interest of love. There is no possibility of anyone who knows Japan disputing this shrewd conclusion, and Kenko wrote from an Eastern standpoint. He had many highly improving things to say about the vanity of love—from a Buddhist point of view. As a man of taste he thought that the love of sweethearts who see one another continuously is a poor thing compared to what they experience when, alone, their "thoughts fly to the far-away clouds and the regretted days of old in their now deserted hut." As a courtier he confessed that a man who does not appreciate female society, although perfect in many ways, yet seemed to him as "unnatural as

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a wine bowl without a bottom." He concluded, however, that a man should not be "too gay. To be thought by a woman rather a difficult man to get on with is the best."

Japan is the paradise of children, but Kenko had no desire for any such possession. He quoted with approval the "ancestral stories of an old man" which run: "It was well for Somedono-no-Daijin that he had no son, for it is a terrible thing to have inferior descendants." None the less he records the opinions of the uncouth rustic, with savage-like appearance, who once meeting a bystander asked: "Have you any children?" The latter made answer: "I have not had one." "Then," remarked the outspoken rustic, "you cannot know what a fellow-feeling is. To act with a heart devoid of humanity is very terrible, and if you had a child of your own it would arouse feelings of infinite pity within you." Too much must not be assumed from this in Kenko's favour. He was not thinking, in all probability, of anything more than what the French call *cœur sensible* when applied to an emotional susceptibility of impressions.

It must not be thought that Kenko was an unworthy priest. He was sincere enough in his way. He was broad-minded. He was tolerant

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of Shintoism. He was a student of Confucius and not unfamiliar with the speculations of "the old philosopher," Lao Tsu. His full ecclesiastical title was *Kenko-boshi*. The latter word is somewhat similar to the English title "Reverend," although it is manifestly incongruous to speak of "the Revd. Kenko." It is positively grotesque, however, when one English editor of Kenko's meditations, in translating the Japanese words for the various ranks of the Buddhist hierarchy, drags in the terminology of the English Church. The words "Bishop" and "Archdeacon" cannot be regarded as simple rank values without respect to the completely divergent conditions of Christianity and Buddhism. To attempt to interpret the one in the terms of the other leads to endless confusion of thought, and grotesque misconceptions. Look, for instance, at that much respected man, Joshin of the Shinjo Temple. Kenko, with not a little humour, describes Joshin and his habits, including his inordinate fondness for yams, thus: "Even when he sat down to preach he had a large basin piled up with yams close by, and kept eating them while he was preaching his sermon. Whenever he fell ill he would shut himself up for a week or two by way of treatment, and picking out as many yams as he wished he would eat more than

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ever, which cured him of all his ailments. When on his visits he partook of a meal, he never waited for the rest of the company to be served, but as soon as he had been waited upon he immediately began to eat by himself ; and when he was ready to go home, he at once got up and went off alone. I do not think he took regular dinner and supper like other men ; when he wished to eat he ate, whether at dead of night or at break of day ; and when he wished to sleep he retired to rest, even at mid-day, whatever was happening and heedless of what people might say. Any night when he awoke or was unable to sleep, with an undefiled heart he would walk up and down whistling. Though all this was very unusual people did not dislike him, but overlooked his many eccentricities."

Mr. Ichikawa assures us that *Tsure-zure Gusa* is as true to Japanese character to-day as it was six hundred years ago. We can readily believe it, for, in an elusive fashion, we feel that the men and women whom Kenko described are very like the Western players we watch on life's stage.

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“To have been in the Southern Seas is apt to stimulate mental reaction against the complacent self-sufficiency of the modern view that the eighteenth-century laudation of the ‘state of nature’ was an unmitigated absurdity. There is much that is most attractive in the kindly communism of the island tribes, and not a little that is economically sound.”—ADMIRAL SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE.

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It is not easy to enter into the soul of a savage. I had intimate relationship with two primitive races, the Australian aborigines and the Melanese, for close upon seventeen years, and I am puzzled more than I was when I first began to make expeditions into the mind of a Kanaka under-gardener, and then allowed the pathetic hands of the black fellow to pull at my own heart-strings.

Obviously, any opinion that is expressed upon such a subject must reflect the soul of the observer. The evidence of the sensualist who exploits a social system for his own purposes may be set aside as tainted. The man who slights his own soul has jeopardised any qualification he may possess for sitting in judgment on the soul of others. The traders in the Southern Seas, the pastoralists in Northern Australia, the pearlers and *bêche de-mer* fishers around the Barrier Reef and beyond have unique opportunities of knowing the savage intimately, but this knowledge is generally concerned with the black considered as an economic factor,

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and for our purposes is often valueless. To this cause must be attributed the very divergent views that are held about the savage by those who have lived with him. It is not the savage so much who differs. It is the variation of the mentality of the observer. We are therefore thrown back upon the anthropologist who, not content with armchair knowledge, studies savage culture upon the spot, and the missionary who gives up all that he has for the "poor silly folk for whom Christ died." In the past these two latter classes of observers have held divergent opinions. The former have been inclined to over-estimate the gulf fixed between savage and civilised races: the latter to minimise the differences between the product of twenty centuries of a hybrid culture and the prize of a comparatively sudden process. It might be possible to adapt for both the advice given by Mr. Dooley to medical men and Christian scientists. In the opinion of this Irish-American sage, the doctors would be no worse for a little more Christianity, and the followers of Mrs. Eddy for a little more science.

At one time it looked as though the Germans were going to sweep the whole field of practical research among the lesser known forms of human society—at least in the Southern Seas. Such a

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contingency would have been deplorable for another reason than that of British patriotism. No one who has had experience of the manner in which a German scientist sets to work can avoid feeling both admiration and wonder. But indefatigable care is vitiated almost invariably by a subtle presumption that it is only the material culture of a race that really matters, everything else being more or less unimportant. This assumption may appear at first sight a small matter. In reality it is like the watershed of a mountain range. A number of correlative conclusions are involved. These increase into a great volume and flow towards an altogether divergent estimate of mankind.

Mr. W. H. Rivers, in his well-balanced *History of Melanesian Society*, gives the following description of German rigidity of investigation in the case of Dr. F. Graebner, who also made a notable attempt to analyse Melanesian culture. "To Graebner the introduction of a new form of social organisation, a new language, or a new religion seems to be a process of the same order as the introduction of an element of material culture. To him, the introduction of the dual organisation of society, or of an Austronesian tongue, seems to present no greater difficulty than the introduction of a new weapon or implement." And again:

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“It is because Graebner began with material culture, where the signs of evolution are, so far, more doubtful and fragmentary, that he has been led to ignore so largely the evolutionary character of the blending of cultures.”

Another example may illustrate the point more clearly. A certain German professor published some time before the war a monumental volume upon the culture of the Australian aborigines. Our first meeting was of a somewhat striking character. The professor had been detained on a very imperfectly victualled tender in Keppel Bay waiting for a long-delayed steamer. I was on the steamer. Those who have had experience of Keppel Bay on a still night of early summer know that it is useless to attempt to sleep while cargo is being transhipped. I was therefore sitting upon deck smoking a pipe with as much stoical patience as I could assume. About midnight a stout, dishevelled German professor, without coat, waistcoat, or collar, burst from the companion-way raging against the general incapacity of British steamship companies. He had a brown paper parcel under one arm, containing treasure-trove in the shape of an aboriginal child's skull, and a large bottle of lager beer was hugged tightly under the other arm. The chief desideratum of the

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moment was a glass, which the steward professed an inability to obtain. A tumbler from my cabin having been provided, we commenced a conversation which subsequently led to my inviting Dr. Klaatsch to visit a mission station then under my supervision. The invitation was accepted, but the visit showed that the professor was chiefly, if not altogether, interested in cranial measurements. His force of character, and his determination to amass skulls despite every obstacle, was perhaps the sole cause of a nervous anxiety on the part of the missionary that made him set a close guard over the mission graveyard during the doctor's visit. Anything connected with the industrial, intellectual, social, or religious welfare of the blacks, although these things formed the *raison d'être* of a mission station, was of no account to this German student of primitive man. But despite this, and my deep dislike of some of his methods of adding to his cranial collection, I have nothing but admiration for his zeal, his industry, his courage, and his thoroughness in his own limited sphere of observation.

In these days, when German mentality has come under a fierce fire of criticism, it will not be so surprising, as it seemed at the time, to find a trained scientific man making the most sweeping

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generalisations on the most debateable premises without the slightest apparent conception that these generalisations would be disputed. And if the German assumption that only the material culture of a race really matters is accepted, it is no more than logical to pass from indifference to the savage soul to condemnation of any attempt to deal with its development. On his way back to Berlin, after giving his cheerful opinion that the "reserve system" of the Australian Government was worse than useless, Dr. Klaatsch continued: "It is useless to attempt to Christianise the aborigines, as I consider the only difference between shooting them and Christianising them is that one is a quick death and the other a slow one." "So far as the Australian black is concerned the efforts of the religious bodies are only a waste, and could be put to much better use." What was to be desired was the allotment of a huge tract of country, in Central Australia for choice, in which the aborigines could preserve their "primitive condition, and which should be stocked with kangaroos and other native animals and birds, and into which no white man should be allowed *without a special permit from the Government.*" The last sentence, which I have italicised, is illuminative of German mentality. It implies

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a belief that savages should be preserved, like wild animals are preserved, under conditions as similar as is possible to their original habitat, solely for the purpose of observation.

Many have sought the preservation of ancient aboriginal customs because they believed honestly that savages were happier under old conditions than they are in the new ones. It was my fate to inspect, at the suggestion of the Queensland Government, one attempt made in this direction when it had reached an extreme stage of decay. The unpalatable truth is that Western civilisation is sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing of savage soul and spirit. It acts as a powerful solvent upon every social, mental, and religious conception of the savage mind. With the best of good intentions it is impossible to put back the clock, and though it is equally impossible to foresee the ultimate result of the Australian system of reserves, which makes full provision for the development of the aborigines, the attempt may be upheld upon much the same grounds that can be advanced for safeguarding the sanctity of schooldays. Children are guarded against intrusion during their period of growth with an eye to their future. It is assumed that one day children will be able to embark upon

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the open waters of life. Similarly, it may be that these child races, after a period of tutelage, will be able to take their place in the struggle of Western civilisation. Who knows? This one thing is plain. The aborigines, after their first leap from the Stone Age into this, are as incapable as children of standing alone.

If Herr Professor fails through his inability to find a bridge by which any savage soul may pass across the chasm of ages, the average man makes the mistake of thinking that no bridges are necessary. To this cause must be attributed the abortive character of so many attempts to better the savage. These attempts might have succeeded if the savage thought exactly in the same way as the product of Western civilisation does. Although there are motives fundamental in the human soul, it may be said safely that the modern mind is just as much enigmatic to a savage as his mind is to the modern man. In other words, the social and moral values of a savage are variant, although the great motives that force him forward to such conceptions are similar to our own. Variations of mentality are just as numerous and as great among savages as among white men. Some are stupid; others are intelligent. Some are capable of being moved by high moral motives; others

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remain through life the sport of every wind of passion. But it is with the best, not with the worst, that the puzzle becomes most puzzling. The best up to a point seem to be moved by similar motives to our own, and then, with bewildering suddenness, they act upon reasons which to us appear quite unintelligible or inconsequent.

For instance, the savage mind does not grasp any nice distinctions with regard to fact. His sense of right and wrong may be quite as clear in his own mind as that of any white man, but his moral standard is not the white man's standard. Though he is quite sure he is right and not the white man, he is unable to explain his own point or view or to grasp the other's standpoint. This incapacity, together with the divergent standard, is the real cause of two very common charges made against the savage of untruthfulness and dishonesty. But are there not divergences among white men upon these points? Once, when salmon-fishing in the south of Ireland, I cast many ineffectual flies over a particularly promising piece of water. My boatman had buttressed my opinion as to the likelihood of fish being there with the confident statement, "the water's shtiff with them." When, weary with futile effort, I tried to comfort myself with the remark that there were

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no fish, my kindly, sympathetic companion added that he could not remember seeing any there for over a year! These remarks serve to illustrate an easy elasticity with regard to facts that is peculiarly in evidence among the Australian aborigines. Copying Josh Billings he might say, "When a white man asks my opinion I first of all find out what sort of opinion he wants and then I give it to him!" I have watched with amusement an aboriginal boy simply playing with an anthropologist of world-wide reputation, who was endeavouring to obtain evidence to substantiate a theory upon which he proposed to build his contribution to the world's knowledge. The anthropologist in question had not a shadow of doubt that he was "travelling over" the aboriginal mind. The boy, if he understood the position, as he probably did, was moved by much the same spirit as Dr. Johnson when he tartly repudiated a similar claim made by Goldsmith within the Literary Club, "Sir, you have not yet travelled over my mind, I promise you."

Terminological inexactitude and a desire to please do not provide all the causes for misunderstanding. Even greater may be found in the white man's ignorance of the brown or black man's method of dealing with the great problems of

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life. It staggers a white man when a native of the Solomon Islands introduces him to two or three of his mothers at the same time. The statement is no longer staggering when it is realised that in their family relationships the wives of both elder and younger brothers are classed with the mother, and that reciprocally women class the brothers of their own husbands with their children, whether the brothers be older or younger. Correspondingly, the Solomon Islander finds the moral sanctions of the white man grotesquely incomprehensible, even after the acceptance of a Christian standard. A writer in a recent number of the *Australian Church Quarterly Review* gives some amusing examples of this gathered from his own experience. Here are two or three : “ A case of immorality was being tried by two missionaries. The evidence did not seem sufficient for a decision either way, and they dismissed the case. A Melanesian, commenting on the matter to another missionary, said, ‘ Of course we understand that you do not consider certain indecent actions wrong, but we do.’ Again, a missionary sent a penny change from some trifling debt in a note to one of the mission ladies. He was supposed to be sending love-tokens ! Of another it was said, “ He talks so much that I suppose he wants to get married.”

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The sequence of thought is not obvious here, to say the least of it, to the European, but no doubt it was quite clear to the Melanesian mind of the speaker.

Another point at which the primitive man is largely in the dark is on the meaning of individuality. It is not that he cannot be taught to apprehend the civilised conception of individuality, but he does not do so naturally. The tribe is the norm in his mind, although that is by no means clear. He has his appropriate conception of right and wrong, but it does not injure his sense of justice to punish the wife or the children of a criminal who cannot be caught himself. If a white man kills a black man it is quite an appropriate thing that the black's kinsfolk should exact the extreme penalty from the first white man they come across. An example of this may be found in the martyrdom of Bishop Hannington. A "black-birding" recruiting schooner had visited Santa Cruz Island, and had killed some Melanesians. The bishop went ashore and was slain as an act of justice, that is according to the savage code, although justice did not imply lack of respect or even affection. How otherwise are we to account for the fact that the bishop's body was found floating in a lagoon with a bunch of white flowers on his breast?

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Closely connected with this imperfect sense of individuality is the desirability of individual possessions. Among European people the desire to possess invariably is more or less strong. The Melanesian, on the other hand, cares nothing about personal property, unless it is for some purpose connected with his Tamate society. He is perfectly ready to share his possessions with another, and he expects other men will share his views. Like the Australian aborigine, he does not thank another for a gift because it never enters into his head that the giver wants to be thanked. He is ready to give to his neighbour if he needs it, and, so far as the white man is concerned, he does not see that colour has anything to do with the matter. This instinct, whatever may be its origin, has its roots very deep in the savage mind. It is the real explanation of the many charges that are made against him of ingratitude and lack of foresight.

All endeavours to get the savage to look at personal possessions from the individualistic standards of to-day are not necessarily good for the savage's own character, or for the welfare of his compatriots. At one stage of the development of one aboriginal mission station the communal system of ownership was frankly adopted. Not a

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pig, not a fowl, not a fruit tree was owned by an individual. All were owned, and were known to be owned, by the community and shared equitably by the community. The system broke down, partly through the growth of individualistic ideals among the blacks themselves, due to increased contact with white men outside the reserve, and partly from the pressure of the Government, who thought that the possession of individual property, and the receipt of individual wages, would help forward the difficult task of raising the industrial capacity of the aborigines concerned. The abandonment of the communal system did not remove one solitary difficulty. It certainly robbed the community of much peace and quietness. But "proppity, proppity, proppity" is a charm among Englishmen, and it is beaten out in many other fashions than by the horsehoofs of the Lincolnshire farmer of the new school.

Human nature is the same everywhere. As the English individualist is sometimes generous beyond measure, so the Melanesian communist is able, if he so wills it, to exploit his native sanctions entirely to his own selfish satisfaction. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his least well-known book, *A Footnote to History*, gives some examples from Samoa. A house girl of Mrs. Stevenson's was given some

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finery that she might wait at table, and at her own request, some warm clothing against the cold mornings in the bush. She went on a visit to her family and returned in a white tablecloth, her whole wardrobe having been divided out among relations in the course of twenty-four hours. A pastor on the same island bought a boat, paying an earnest on the price. Some relations came along and, having fancied the boat, took it, leaving the pastor to borrow money to pay for a possession that was no longer his. The climax of this comedy was reached when the family harpies, having broken a thwart in the boat, brought it back to be repaired and painted by the original owner !

A Melanesian friend of my own who revisited Malaita with considerable worldly possessions, the reward of much industry and frugality, told me, on his return to Queensland, the story of his landing, the sack of his box, and how he went to the home of his fathers clad in a shirt. There was not the slightest sign of bitterness or resentment in the story, but a very considerable appreciation of the humour of the situation, so far as his personal experience was concerned. In Queensland he was noted for his natty dress. Many similar stories might be told of the aborigines, witnessing to the solidarity of human nature all over the world.

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“Such folk as the pastor’s happy relatives will generally have a boat and will never have paid for it; such men as the pastor may have sometimes paid for a boat but they will never have one. It is there as it is with us at home; the measure of the abuse of either system is the blackness of the individual heart.”

There are few things in the study of savage races more interesting than the Sukwe and Tamate societies of Melanesia. These are secret societies numbering two or three members, sometimes many hundreds. Those who wish to understand practically all that is to be known of the growth, purposes, and influence of these particular points of Melanesian culture cannot do better than read Dr. Rivers’ *History of Melanesian Society*. They are very illuminative of the mentality of primitive folk. They provide a complex method of regulating the balance of individualistic and communal interests in the matter of wealth. Only a rich man can advance far in one of these societies, so the organisation is a means for the perpetuation and even accentuation of differences of rank in so far that this rank is dependent on the possession of wealth. On the other hand, a rich man belonging to the most influential Sukwe or Tamate society would be considered unworthy of respect and honour

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if he hoarded his wealth. These societies are decaying, curiously enough, because the Melanesians are coming into the scope of the wider, if no less obscure, laws governing the distribution of gold. It may be hoped that this decay will be very gradual, because these societies have developed a wholesome sentiment of responsibility for wealth.

It might be thought that the idea of making the rich men the assessors of their own expenditure in the public interest, as is the case in the South Seas, is too absurd for serious consideration. Everything depends upon the motive power behind. A public spirit that makes a man give far more than any outside force could make him do is not unknown in this country. And, if we may watch straws, why is it that men give more and not less as gratuities to servants when they are ignorant of the local standard of "tips"? Mine host of a Japanese inn of the old school was not unwise when he made his hotel charges small, and left the guest to assess according to his own idea of his own importance the gratuity, or *chaddai*, to which he, with every other Japanese innkeeper, looked for his profit. A Japanese friend once told me that the method never failed. The innkeeper could at sight assess to a sen the social standing of a visitor!

A certain very great personage indeed was taken

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out one night to see some aboriginal corroborees organised in his honour close to Government House in Brisbane. He is reported to have called it "a damned rotten show." Some such verdict might be passed by the savage upon our vaunted civilisation. Primitive man, like the majority of his civilised brethren, is perfectly content to remain always as he has been from the beginning. When he is hungry he can hunt. When he has eaten and is filled, what is better than sleep? When he is filled with a desire to dance he does so. When he desires music he beats a tom-tom night and day until his yearnings are fully satisfied. He engages in war, and enjoys it thoroughly. Then he drops back into peace and enjoys that also with a completeness highly to be envied. And so on through all the gamut of human interests. He asks but little here below, but one thing he asks in vain. He wants to be left alone. Little more than a hundred years ago Captain Cook burst in upon the Southern Seas. So far as the South Sea islanders are concerned, they have been compared to a shopful of crockery launched upon the stream of time now making a desperate voyage among pots of brass and adamant. The aboriginal, dazed as a man awakened roughly out of a long and heavy sleep, has declined the struggle, preferring to turn

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his face down once again to warm mother earth, and to return his soul into the hands of Him who gave it.

Some years ago a Presbyterian medical missionary, whose strong soul has outworn since the frail tenement of his body, disputed a statement I had made that the Melanesians were distinguished by a "genius for religion." He told me this story, which is worth repeating in his own words :

"A Kanaka, who had been repatriated from North Queensland, arrived with a knowledge of English and some Christianity. We were gathered for the evening meeting, and it was our usual plan to call on the lads in turn to engage in prayer. We were all hushed and solemn, with heads bent in earnest expectation.

" ' Johnnie ! ' "

"There was a pause while Johnnie drew his breath. Then—he had a powerful voice—

" ' O Grandfather——' "

"Happily our boys were too thick-headed to see the humour o't ; but surely the angels, if any such were employed to transmit the message, must have smiled as they passed it on."

For the full understanding of this story it must be explained that, according to his primitive beliefs, Johnnie, before his conversion, might have

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called upon his father and his grandfathers. Dr. Lamb's point, however, was that it is not easy for a white man, albeit a bishop, to assess the progress of new ideas in a Melanesian mind, and that the Melanesians I had met in North Queensland had received some light before they enlisted in their islands for work abroad.

Let me acknowledge at once that the savage soul puzzles me, but the labourers who arrived in the North Queensland sugar plantations showed few signs of having been in contact with missionaries or with white men. Their first instinct, particularly if they came from Malaita, was to raid the Government poles for wire to tip their improvised spears and arrows. They made forts of wood piles, and fought sanguinary battles for any cause until they realised that such things could not be done with impunity. "Big fellow Government" became for a while their deity—a deity endowed with unlimited and horrific powers. But it was exactly among the most warlike and intractable islanders where the Church's triumphs were most remarkable. Hard to convert, they became the best Churchmen. A large number undoubtedly left at the end of their indentures with only a thin veneer of European civilisation covering their Melanesian culture. There were others, again, who

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simply leapt towards education and Christianity. Of them it was literally true that their souls had longing for the courts of God. They were happy nowhere else. Of their own volition they adopted a godly discipline that is impossible among white Christians at present. Deprivation from the privilege of "breaking bread" was a real punishment. The fear of excommunication was a real deterrent. They were generous to a fault. They were devout. They would walk a score of miles, starting long before daybreak, to see their "father," as I am proud to remember they called me, on any occasion when in my journeyings I happened to be in their neighbourhood. The fact that I might visit them made no difference. The melodious softness of their voices still echoes in my ears. I have before me as I write a paper-covered volume of sermons, taken down in shorthand by a white man, but preached by "Alec Sayven, a South Sea Island teacher of the Gospel." Alec held my licence for years. He has lately fallen asleep, but his strong, set face, with its square jaw, rises before me now. Alec needed courage and tenacity of purpose if ever man did, but in his preaching he was as gentle as St. John, and the gentleness as strangely became infinitely stern to those who set aside the law of love. Any man who knew him, or had the oppor-

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tunity of observing the "mission boys" around Mackay, will corroborate the truth of what I have written. No. I cannot abate one whit of my statement that the South Sea Islanders have a genius for religion, even though so many are let and hindered in running the race that is set before them.

Is it possible to say that the Australian aborigines are similarly minded? There is a strong vein of materialism and scepticism in those I have known, but how much of this is the reflected mind of the white man? I cannot adjust this puzzle. "Beachcomber" tells how a certain aborigine repudiated with a guffaw any idea of being scared by the sweating night fear of the blacks—"Debbil-debbil." "Me nebber bin see one yet. Suppose me see 'em, me run 'em!" There is very little doubt as to George's sincerity. Fear of man or of devil was all unknown to him. He would chase away anything looking like a devil-devil! Many examples, therefore, of a scoffing spirit towards Christianity can be expected from a people who resemble busts of Socrates cut in ebony. But, again, there rises before me another lay-reader—James Noble, an aborigine. Unlike Alec Sayven, who always halted in his speech, James was a born orator. He had no self-consciousness.

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Bishops, archbishops, judges, and such like have listened to his simple, direct appeals. If they came to criticise they went away feeling that they themselves ought to be better men. Let me confess that I was one who often felt like that. Indeed, when I came back from Yarrabah, a mission station of which I dreamed great things and for which I suffered not a little, nor for a short time, I felt as men often do when they have watched little children at prayer. Heaven seemed so much nearer to the blacks than it did to me. They were not held back by doubts and questionings, and therefore they walked in a luminous faith while one of the dominant race so often stumbled in the dark. This thing I saw clearly, that it was not useless attempting to Christianise the Australian aborigines, and that there was all the world of difference, for the blacks concerned, between "shooting them and Christianising them."

The soul of the savage is a dimly lighted place. I cannot claim to have done more than lift a corner of the veil that separates that soul from ours. The savage does not understand himself. And we, who think we know all about them, fail most miserably when we are the most confident. Perhaps we shall be on sounder ground if we recognise that so far as the big motives are con-

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cerned all men are very much alike. It is in his mental processes, his hypotheses, his deductions, his conventional ideals, where the savage is most astray—or, shall we say, where he has taken paths most dissimilar from our own ?

“SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE
MADE OF”

“ When the earth is mad with song some blue September morning,
In the grove of myall trees that rustle green and grey,
Through the plumes of trailing leaves hung meet for her adorning
See a dark-browed Dryad peep, and swiftly draw away !

“ But the sea nymphs make our shores shine gay with light and
laughter,
At the sunset where the waves are mingled milk and fire,
You may see them very plain, and in the darkness after
You may hear them singing with the stars’ great golden choir.”

—DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.

“SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF”

IT is often unfairly assumed that the Australian aborigines have no folklore. It is not easy to co-ordinate the stories they tell to one another and to the few white men who win their confidence and have patience with their shy methods. The aborigines almost invariably persist that their stories come to them in their sleep, and not infrequently they make their dreams the subject of their curiously descriptive dances or “corroborees.” Indeed I have sometimes wondered if Australian folklore was not conveyed far more in acted fashion than through the ordinary medium of the spoken word.

The Australian aborigines have considerable dramatic instinct, and their dances are extremely interesting and varied. One favourite dance, probably connected with a basic principle of life, is wearisome beyond measure to the white eye, but this is not the case with corroborees illustrative of life in the bush. One such dance I have seen portrayed a turtle hunt—in which the turtle,

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lifting its head above the water, seemed possessed with the spirit of elusive humour. In another favourite dance the young men of the tribe mimicked a pack of dingoes quarrelling over the imaginary carcase of a kangaroo. This dance, I remember, once ended in peals of laughter, as two of the naked players, fighting like angry dogs over a real bone, rolled together into the burning wood-ashes of the camp fire. The last dramatic corroboree I saw was descriptive of three Chinese squabbling together over a gun. The manners of the imaginary disputants and their labial language sounds were reproduced with inimitable fidelity. Stealthily the tribesmen crept through the long grass upon the noisy Celestials, and their approach vividly reminded me of a cat stalking with tense muscles and deadly intentness the ball of paper which it was pleased to pretend was a bird. The attack when made was certainly feline in its overwhelming suddenness, and, the slaying done, the tribesmen crept quietly back into the bush carrying with them the stolen gun. Later came some police troopers blundering upon the scene. These examined with much detail and portentous solemnity the murdered Chinamen. The sibilant sounds of the English language—without words—were copied with equal fidelity by the players. But an un-

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expected finale was reached when the Celestials proved not to be dead at all. Instead they sprang up, overturned the policemen, and ran away howling into outer darkness. The climax was received with shouts of laughter. Yet not one present could tell me anything of the incident to which the dance obviously referred. The observation of detail is remarkable. I myself have not escaped. A somewhat ridiculous incident connected with my landing from a boat was reproduced as a dance—in which my manner of walking and my voice were copied with laughable fidelity.

I am, therefore, quite prepared to find that the accompanying legend, which I heard at first hand from an aboriginal boy once in my employ, has been the subject of many corroborations. One of the earliest of the Queensland settlers, the late Mr. T. Petrie, recorded it in a different form. In Mr. Petrie's version the characters were three brothers and a girl. The two elder brothers did not kill the younger, who was the favoured lover, but when one day he was caught on the beach in a gigantic clam-shell they left him to die. A bird, with blood dripping from its beak, told the girl, and she died of grief. The brothers thought that by finding her lover they could restore the

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girl to life. This is a beautiful touch, but the brother had drifted out to sea. There he first became a fish and afterwards a rainbow. She turned into the flower of a bread-fruit tree, so the lovers could gaze upon one another. The variations of the story may probably be accounted for by transmutation of thought in dreams.

Unfortunately I did not take notes of the story when it was told to me, so the legend has no anthropological value. I have tried to weave around it some details of life among the wild blacks in North Queensland. I think that the atmosphere of the story is fairly accurate, and that I have succeeded in portraying how events might look to the tribe, who have their own appropriate point of view.

Crabbed age and youth often mated together among the aborigines. I came across an amusing example of this in 1903, when I was staying among the mountain ranges behind the tiny township of Cardwell. A fine curly-haired stripling had been allotted as a husband to a most unattractive old thing with a caricature of a face. Never did a bride put on more airs and graces, nor demand more attention from her spouse. She ruled him with a rod of iron. And the boy husband, whatever he thought of love and honour, certainly knew

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how to obey. The *toute ensemble* was irresistibly comic, but I heard later from my hostess that the arrangement did not wear well. The much harassed husband “took to the bush” some six months later, and was never seen again. I may mention that it was in this same camp I met a medicine man with yellow teeth and an exact knowledge of poison berries. He had just returned *alone* from an excursion among the hills with an unhappy girl who had loved not wisely. Whether he was seized with the humour of the situation, or was not quite sure of his own position in the eyes of a white man, I cannot say. This I know: he smiled like a black Malvolio, and failed horribly in his attempts to ingratiate himself.

My account of the tribe's conduct after the heroine's death is adapted from an old man's account to me of his grandfather's departure from among the dwellings of men. His grandfather, he said, was always fond of climbing into a certain big tree whose wide-spreading branches and thick foliage hid him from the gaze of all. As he grew older, he spent more and more time in this seclusion, until at last he came down from the tree only at night—and that very occasionally—to take the food placed for his use near the tree. Sometimes he could be heard moving in the tree—“all the

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same flying fox"—but the tribe saw him no more. He never again left his umbrageous retreat. The old man had crept into some quiet corner to die long before, but that was not the tribe's point of view.

My informant was the scarred and wrinkled king of his tribe. He had been once a fierce and cunning warrior. In his early days he had eaten human flesh, and despite his conversion still maintained stoutly that it was "plenty good." Like many another regal prototype, in other lands unlike his own, "King John" had the clearness of insight to realise that the Christian missionary when he first appeared held in his hands treasures of great worth. He became converted and, with some stalwart exceptions, his tribe came with him. As he often said with biting scorn, he was "no brass plate king" like the wretched derelicts of black humanity who, bearing upon their breasts the insulting testimony from the Queensland Government to their regal character, walked by the wayside begging. King John, *primus inter pares*, was the denizen of the mission-station founded at his own invitation on the territory in North Queensland which belonged to him and his tribe. I never visited Yarrabah, his country, but the first to greet me on the yellow shore was the

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“king” in his old treasured uniform, the gift of an officer in the Moreton Bay Regiment. I never went to the mission church but the “king” preceded me in the procession, and sat in his chair close to the sanctuary and my own rude “throne.” I believe he is alive still, but his bodily strength and his mental force have abated. Driven by some strange rudimentary impulse, he disappears sometimes for hours, sometimes for days together. One time he may not return. His body will lie hidden, like that of his grandsire, in an unknown crevice of the wind-swept rocks overhanging the country which he ruled, at first alone and at all times wisely. His soul, he believes, as I too believe, will not pass through any strange phantasmagoric changes. It will go to the care of Him who does not despise the bewildered and disappearing black fellows—God’s images cut in ebony.

And now for the legend :

Long before the English had done more than look from the decks of their sailing-ships at the blue hills of Queensland there lived an aboriginal princess. Her father was the king of his tribe by virtue of his being more strong and “cunning” than the rest, and he ruled over a tract of country which from immemorial right was the hunting-

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ground of his tribe. The names of the monarch and of the other characters of this aboriginal tragedy have disappeared with the blue smoke of their camp fires. The land knows the tribe no more. It is now yielding its increase under the white man's hand. But the girl and her lover, strangely metamorphosed, can be seen dancing together in the little bay where they found their home.

It happened like this. The girl by rights should have married a certain mature warrior. The king, her father, had arranged it, and the old men had approved. The tribe also had agreed, without saying anything, that the union was satisfactory from every point of view, not even excepting that of the poor child concerned. The warrior was still strong and a mighty hunter. His spear and his throwing-stick never missed his quarry. He knew where the wild stingless bee nested, and where the 'possums slept by day. No snake could move so quietly about his business as not to attract the warrior's eye. The wives of such a hunter would seldom go supperless to bed—there would usually be something over from their lord's evening meal. That the warrior had more wives than one was not disadvantageous to the girl—from the tribe's point of view. She would not need to dig so hard

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nor so constantly for lily-roots. She would not be obliged to crouch through the livelong night brushing away mosquitoes from her sleeping lord. The marriage ceremonies would probably be carried out with considerable attention to detail, but no right-minded aboriginal woman thought much of a tap on the head with a heavy wooden club. It was as natural to her as the giving and receiving of a ring to her white sisters. In short, the tribe was quite prepared to attend the marriage ceremony and to think no more of the match.

The trouble arose from the wilful princess herself. She was not attracted by the huge shoulder-muscles of her intended man nor by the white-brown scars—the mark of many a fierce fight—which were his pride and honour. She had been foolish enough to look upon another—a boy little older than herself—who had only been admitted into the outer circle of manhood. This one had kept his solitary vigil in the wild bush, away from the presence of man, but the tribal marks across his body stood out sore and red. He was so straight and slim, his laugh was so merry, his teeth were so white and strong, that the princess felt she had met the only man that the world contained for her. From the tribe's point of view the match was most unsuitable. What would become of the old

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women if the young ones insisted upon marrying the young men ? The correct thing would have been for the princess to marry the mature warrior, and for the young man with the strong teeth to marry a nice old lady with no teeth at all. Time would rectify their respective grievances. She might get a young man when the warrior was gathered to his wild fathers, and the youth could hope for a girl who would be prepared, if necessary, to chew for him the hard roots which his soul loved but his ageing teeth abhorred.

The princess never dreamed of speaking to the young man—scarcely of looking at him under her long eyelashes. But those strange mysterious chords which vibrate in each human breast answered truly, and he knew that there was only one woman for him. He shivered when he thought of the end, for the end was inevitable. One night they met under the shadow of a great banyan-tree, and he gave her food which he had found and cooked himself. Then there was nothing left them but to run away—away through the moon-lit bush where the spirits of the dead lurk under the trees and among the branches—through the swamps where the green frogs boom continuously and the snakes hunt them silently—over the broken mountain-ranges flanked by precipices and

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defended by spear-grass—through the land of the bunyip where no tribe hunts (for like the Irish banshee the Australian bunyip heralds death)—to the coast where the cliffs stay the long Pacific rollers and where the waves pile up hard yellow sand at the foot of the cliffs. There the two stayed their flight. A cave half-way up the cliff formed a fine lodging—from whence they could sally forth to hunt and fish, to gather nuts and honey, or to bask on the sands in the sun, with the song of the waves to hush them to sleep.

From the tribe's point of view this was extremely unsatisfactory. Such things as young people falling in love had happened before, and the tribal customs had fully provided for such attachment if it became hopeless. The correct thing, if the couple refused to see reason, would have been for the tribe to send them for a little excursion into the bush with the medicine-man—the one with yellow teeth and an exact knowledge of poison berries. After many days the medicine-man would have returned alone, but quite well and happy. He would not have complained of scarcity of food, and the tribe would have dismissed from their minds a disagreeable incident. Or the aggrieved and mature warrior could have had it out with the young man, *à outrance*; or he could

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have consulted the other medicine-man—the one with bad teeth and the crooked leg. The medicine-man would have made him singing magic—a pointed bone decorated with pitch and human hair. He would have sung into the bone curses which would have run through it into the two offenders and killed them unpleasantly. But none of these obvious courses could be followed. The couple had disappeared, and incidentally no one could impart the terrifying news that a “bone” had been prepared and pointed at them, without which information the magic could not work effectively. The tribe were seriously annoyed, but the two lovers cared not. The bunyip guarded the little bay where the waves played catch-who-catch-can over the yellow sands.

From the tribe's point of view the injured warrior was also inclined to be unreasonable. He had really no need to bother himself about a silly girl who knew no better than to run away with an equally unimportant boy. If he wanted a girl there were plenty of others growing up who would be glad to make his fire and fan him to sleep. Moreover, the desire for corroborees was asserting itself in the tribe. A messenger had returned with a new dance descriptive of a hunt for turtles with incidental alligators and dingoes. The warrior

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was a redoubtable leader of the dance. But, regardless of the claims of art as he was of social proprieties, he insisted upon taking the whole thing seriously. Of course the tribe were too well-mannered to ask where he was going, or even to appear to notice that he was going at all. But all watched him picking out his best war spears, his lightest shield, and his stone knife, sharp as a razor, in its thick bark sheath. They formed their own opinions, but did not speak about them. To have done so would have been the height of bad manners. Besides, it would have been unnecessary, since everyone knew as much as everyone else. And if one makes up one's mind to go on a “walk about” only a broken leg can stop him.

So the warrior melted into the bush. For many moons he ranged the swamps, the hills, and the plains, but always his feet took him to the border of the land where no man hunts. He saw the coast-line beyond, yet he feared to cross. But after a while black rage triumphed over grey fear, and he sped across the mysterious country, trembling and sweating as he ran. Once at the other side he forgot everything but revenge. He saw the thin thread of blue smoke rising through the wavy grasses on the edge of the cliffs into the even-

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ing air. He knew he had found. A few minutes later he had stolen upon the pair, as one creeps up to the feeding kangaroo. The husband was soon writhing in his death agony, his wife lay stunned by his side, and sitting down the warrior watched them there.

Fluttering in the sunlight above, on their way from their feeding-grounds, was a flock of white cockatoos. At one moment they shimmered brighter than the light itself; then with a turn of their wings they outmatched the rosy rays of sunrise falling on the mountain-ranges. The soul of the dying boy leapt from his lips into one of the bright, strong birds. For a while he flew with the rest towards the setting sun. But this could not be, and the bird with its new soul left the others to return alone closer to the loved one's side. She knew him at once, and love interpreted to her his strange, melancholy cry. She watched for him fluttering from tree to tree during that sad journey to the tribe's camping-ground. The warrior despised the bunyip now, and the girl feared it not, for a great hope had come into her life as her eyes followed the cockatoo with its gleaming feathers and its crest of gold. After a while the warrior saw too, and black rage took possession of him again. At times he would steal

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towards the bird so softly that his footsteps were no more than a rustle of leaves in the wind. At others he would shout as he did in battle, when he was filled with the lust and joy of killing. But the bird ever eluded him, and the camping-ground drew near. One night the journey ended, but in the darkness following the princess turned her face down to the warm earth she knew so well—and escaped.

This was not unsatisfactory to the tribe, who were having strained relations with another tribe and wanted their fighting-men to give undivided attention to any business that might arise. But the tribe had not noticed a solitary cockatoo flitting in and out among the trees near the camp. Neither did they notice that the cockatoo had a mate on the evening the princess died. So they did not know when the two birds fluttered away in a shimmer of white and rose towards the rising sun. Moreover, the warrior did not inform them of his own set determination to follow and destroy the birds, and his failure to perform this simple act of courtesy rendered the tribe uncomfortable. Someone said that he had seen the warrior disappear into the dark shade of a banyan-tree over which the moon was rising. A little later the terrified watcher heard heavy flapping wings like

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those of a flying fox. What was it? Unable to answer his own question, he fled back to the light and companionship of the camp-fire. And when the warrior failed to return, the old men discussed the watcher's story with much head-shaking and many words. On their advice food was placed every night near the tree for the warrior's spirit. Sometimes on the following morning the food had disappeared, but whether it had been taken by the warrior or by a hungry bandicoot the tribe could not assuredly say. Later on the camp was moved to the hills, and the banyan-tree was left to—who knew what?

The pursuit of the two lovers was a long one—lasting many moons. Sometimes the warrior caught a glimpse of the two. More frequently they were hidden in the elusive brightness of the flying flock. At last his determination prevailed. Pierced by his spear, the two fell dying into the blue waters beneath the cliff where they had once lived—beyond the yellow sand where they had so often played. Once more the souls quitted their tenements. Hers became a ripple on the wave, and his the sunlight mingling with it.

Then the warrior died. Fierce wrath could tear his human heart no further, and his soul found an appropriate home in the black cloud

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where are treasured the wailing wind and the weeping rain.

So the faithful souls of those who sealed their love by suffering live on together, and deck themselves at will in diamond gauze of flying spray. At the approach of the tearful cloud they disappear for a time, and their hiding-place is guarded by the spindrift and the sea. But when the sun shines their merry dance is resumed. And this can be seen any day if you will go to that tiny bay where the Pacific is held back from the land by the cliffs, and where the long wash has piled up hard yellow sand for the waves and the children to play on.

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“ But I beheld a fearful sign,
To which the white men’s eyes are blind.
Their race may vanish hence like mine,
And leave no trace behind.

• • • • •
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.”

*An Indian at the Burial-place
of his Fathers.*

—W. C. BRYANT.

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THE Australian aborigines are rapidly disappearing. In some parts of the continent they have gone already. Where, in the memory of men, they once could have been numbered in thousands, the place now knoweth them no more. According to the last census, taken in 1911, the total number of full-blooded aborigines living in proximity to white settlements, or in the employment of white men, was under twenty thousand. In the State of New South Wales the Government Statistician computed the annual rate of decrease to be between 2 and 3 per cent. It therefore becomes a matter of mathematical calculation to find out how long it will be before the aboriginal population of that State reaches vanishing point.

Before attempting to apply the experience of New South Wales to the whole continent, two things must be borne in mind. There are no wild blacks in that State, and it has been found possible to safeguard the interests of all the aborigines to an extent that has not been possible in less fully

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developed States of the Commonwealth. But where there are huge areas of territory very sparsely settled, where the conditions of life are still rough, where the blacks are either "wild" or only "half tamed," and where the prejudice against them has not died away, it is far more difficult to safeguard their interests, while the rate of decrease is correspondingly much larger.

The term "tame black" is well understood by Australian bushmen. It is applied to those aborigines who have abandoned their old conditions of life, and have become dependent altogether upon white men. For the most part the tame blacks in Queensland live in small huts, or "humpys," on the outskirts of townships. Sometimes they do a little casual labour, but more often they loaf about followed by a pack of very undesirable dogs. The taking in of one another's washing does not form part of their scheme for eking out a precarious existence. At the call of hunger they sally forth to search for edible roots, or to ravage the nests of the stingless Australian bee. If the fancy takes them they will saunter to some homestead, seldom asking for food but expecting to be fed with crumbs that fall from the white man's table. Despite all their miserable surroundings they can find satisfaction in life.

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They are generally cheerful. The pipes, seldom out of their mouths, are treasures for which they might willingly barter a kingdom—if they had one. For a while indescribably solemn babies are carried about on the hips or shoulders of the women. Then babies are seen no more. Then the women begin to grow fewer and the proportion of men become larger. Then the remnant that is left comes to look old, shockingly old. The end is drawing close. Nothing remains except to drop the scene upon the stage of their lives.

Where the blacks are engaged by some pastoralist, their lot is brighter. They are fearless horsemen, considering the fact that the most difficult mounts fall to their share. The weak spot is in their family life. It invariably follows in stations where there are few white women. This every squatter knows. Many have told me that they have abandoned employment of aboriginal stockmen solely because they could not ensure proper treatment of the black women and girls by *all* their white hands, particularly by those whose employment was casual.

It is not surprising to find that the aborigines come under the malign influence of depraved white men. Almost without exception they lack the power to oppose their wills successfully against

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any representative of the dominant race. Neither is it surprising to find that the moral sanctions of the whites are without meaning to the blacks. The aboriginal social system, with its complicated rules governing the relationship of the sexes, has been brought tumbling about their bewildered ears. There is no reason why they should resist temptation to vice, except so far as the certainty of unpleasant results may furnish a reason. But what aborigine is not fully content to let the morrow take care for itself? The Government has endeavoured to protect their weakness in certain directions. It has made the sale of intoxicating liquor a penal offence, but the law is not easy to administer. There is to be found only too often some "mean white" who will "dummy" for a black at the hotel bar, and so evade the law.

Drink has slain its thousands, but opium has destroyed its tens of thousands. The chief offenders in this direction have been the Chinese, who gathered together the ashes from their own opium pipes and sold them, mixed in pannikins of water, to the blacks. This beverage, the most noxious to all appearances that ever was brewed, appears to be attractive beyond words. Disease and death are in its train. The unhappy black who is taken captive by it is a melancholy spec-

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tacle. He lives only that he may again handle the foul drink that steals away the powers of mind, body, and soul. The Chinese purveyors of the beverage face heavy penalties, but they do this without hesitation. The profits are large, and they are very resourceful in their endeavours to escape the just reward of their wrongdoing. I was fortunate enough to witness the capture of one scoundrel. It was an innocent-looking Chinaman who got off the train from the coast at Kuranda one fine morning. He carried on his arm a large basket of grenadillas, which he apparently proposed to sell to the white residents. If he had been seen taking the fruit into a town it might have provoked no comment, but bringing fruit to Kuranda was like taking coals to Newcastle—a mistake into which no Chinaman might be expected to fall. A stalwart Irish policeman stalked along the platform to investigate. Not misled by the Celestial air of innocence he examined the grenadillas, beginning at the bottom of the basket. Presently the top of one fruit came off in his hand, and where the luscious seeds and pulp should have been was an evil-smelling mass of ash opium. It was intended for a camp of blacks close at hand. The best-laid schemes of mice and Chinamen do not succeed invariably. The merchandise was

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destroyed, the merchant incarcerated in the gaol at Cairns. Since the above incident happened the importation of opium into Australia has been prohibited, a reform brought about largely through the initiative of Chinese merchants. This may not have been counted good news by the blacks. None the less it will make for the longevity of their race.

Notable attempts have been made by the Government, and by the various religious bodies, to preserve the aborigines in reserves and mission-stations. Some of these attempts have succeeded wonderfully well, but it is unlikely that the disappearance of the race can be retarded by any means. In some of these reserves (not all are to be commended) the aborigines are filled with bright dreams for the future of their people. Let me recall an example. An Australian aborigine of considerable ability, who held for some years my licence as a lay-reader, and who was a member of the North Queensland Synod, once said, in a speech to that august body, that he was wondering how long it would be before his people would possess such a gathering of their own. There was a note of deep pathos in the speech, for most of his hearers knew that any attempt at alleviating the lot of his people, at the best,

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could be little more than smoothing the pillow of a dying race. The speaker, full of hope, has since gone as a missionary among the wild blacks of Western Australia.

The "wild blacks," as those aborigines who are yet roaming the country in a savage state are called, exist altogether in the northern parts of Australia. It is not easy to assess their numbers, even approximately. Their migrations were much more considerable than it has been the custom in some quarters to assume. For example, the Pitta-Pitta aborigines belonged to the Boulia district in Central and Northern Queensland. This district for ethnographical purposes must be held to contain not less than 10,000 square miles. There is evidence, however, that the Pitta-Pitta tribes at times went very far beyond this area among other tribes that spoke variations of their language. According to Dr. Roth they called this larger area "Ooroo-ena mie-ena," "One-and-the-same-country." The advent of the white man destroyed all territorial divisions, such as they were. The blacks were forced together into masses of many peoples and tongues. These wandered, unrestrained by any earlier territorial ideas, over still wider stretches of the shrinking domains of their race. On one occasion, when I was moving

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about among the wild blacks, there was reason to believe that numbers of the tribes we met in different places were not entire strangers. Naked blacks, when seen in hundreds, look as much alike as a flock of sheep to a stranger. But one tall man, with an angry white scar on his shoulder, appeared over and over again. This suggested the idea that this individual was not alone, and that the blacks were not so numerous as we were at first inclined to assume. In other words, they took a similar rôle to "supers" in a theatre who, by constantly appearing and disappearing on a stage, give an impression that they are a great multitude. According to the latest attempted estimate in Australia, the wild blacks number less than 100,000, but the whole matter is involved in doubt. This alone is plain. If the aborigines, wild and tame, decrease as rapidly as they have done in the past, in twenty years a full-blooded black will be difficult to find anywhere.

Australia has been called an empty continent. Has it ever been anything else but empty? The huge silent plains and the desolate mountain ranges of the interior suggest a negative answer. It is difficult to believe that there ever was, or ever can be, much population in these parts. No decisive answer is possible, since the number of

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aborigines a hundred years ago is an unknown quantity. Governor Phillip in 1800 thought that there were at least a million blacks in the Botany Bay territory—a not very large area. There were 3000, he said, in the immediate neighbourhood of Sydney. But this estimate is almost valueless as a basis of assessment for the whole continent. All that it suggests is that the aboriginal population was not peculiarly large even in districts where food and fishing were as plentiful as they were between Botany Bay and Broken Bay. In the interior, where the food was scanty at all times, and where severe droughts were of periodical recurrence, the aboriginal population can never have been large. During the great drought, that commenced in the final decade of last century, the west of South Queensland was practically depleted of both man and beast. In 1900 there was a great drive, for humanitarian reasons, of the blacks all over this drought-stricken area. The blacks were taken to the coast, and they never returned to their old hunting-grounds. But would they have survived if they had remained when the waterholes became dry and the animals they hunted had perished ?

There is another set of facts connected with the population of Australia that cannot be overlooked.

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What is to be made of that curious set of customs which apparently were designed artificially to restrict their own population? These customs are most in evidence in the interior, where food is least plentiful. Dr. Roth, in his ethnological studies, takes great pains to show that "Sturt's terrible rite" was not intended for this end. It is to be doubted whether this close and sympathetic observer of the blacks did more than prove that the wild blacks of Queensland did not understand the effect of the rite, and that they had other customs which nullified its effect. The truth is, this ignorance of the meaning of their own customs does not show, necessarily, that the blacks never knew many facts connected with life. It may show that they have forgotten what they once knew. While it is obvious that the blacks have not progressed like other races of the world, it may be that they have not remained stationary, as anthropologists assume, through their unrecorded centuries. In other words, Australia may be more of a theatre of racial degeneration than it is a preserve of primitive humanity. The fact remains that these restrictive customs, whether understood or not, affected materially the population of aboriginal Australia.

Again, how far must the sudden decay of the

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aboriginal population in Australia be laid down to the remoteness of the continent from the great tides of population constantly ebbing and flowing in other parts of the globe? The movements of peoples is an obscure subject at the best, and it is most obscure in the great southern continent. From its situation, at least in the days succeeding those when men could walk dry foot into its confines, Australia was preserved from the devastating hordes which from time to time swarmed from the great hiving-places of the human race to drive older swarms farther and farther afield. None the less, Australia cannot be separated entirely from what happened in what is known now as the Eastern Archipelago. There are traces of at least two, perhaps of three, distinct movements of population. The original Australians belonged to a black, woolly-haired race of which pigmy representatives are to be found in the Malay Peninsula, in the Philippine Islands, and in New Guinea. The race formed the ground stock of the Melanesians, and remained, almost untouched by any other strain of blood, in the practically extinct Tasmanians. On the mainland of Australia this proto-aboriginal race was exterminated, or amalgamated by another people of Indian pre-Dravidic stock; while there are some signs

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of a third movement that may have modified considerably racial characteristics in the extreme north and along the coastline of North Queensland.

Professor Baldwin Spencer, in his *Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia*, thinks that there is rarely seen there anything like a trace of Malay blood. Mr. Sydney H. Ray, who has examined the language of these same tribes, has decided that there is no evidence of Malay influence in them. But in a country where language is in a constant state of flux and where there is absolutely no writing, such an examination as that conducted by Mr. Ray cannot be carried to such an extent as to demonstrate conclusively that there is no admixture of Malay blood even to a large extent. But (and this is the main point when considering population) the long immunity from those sledge-hammer blows that have beaten European peoples into their present form, unfitted the aborigines for their struggles with modern migratory peoples when they appeared upon the scenes.

It is not easy to state how far their isolation made the Australian aborigines particularly susceptible to European diseases. A great deal has been said about racial immunity from disease, but so far as my own experience in Australia can

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be advanced as a guide I think far too much has been assumed. The blacks were quite as much subject to malaria as I was in districts where fever was prevalent. On the other hand, simple white ailments like bad colds were deadly to the blacks; but this, so far as I could observe, was due to their disregard of ordinary care of themselves, and still more to the use of white men's clothes. In their natural state the blacks are naked and not ashamed. They wear European clothes either for imitative reasons or because European prudishness demands the sacrifice—and it is a sacrifice. Not only are the clothes hampering to the freedom of the limbs, they quickly become filthy, and when wet they are the cause of death to men who allow their sodden clothes to cling around them, not for hours but for days in the wet season. In the mission-station in which I was most interested a modification of European dress was the cause of greatly improved health. The modified dress consisted of a singlet and a long slip of coloured cotton wound round the hips of the men like a kilt. The women wore a single garment reaching to their feet, not beautiful, it must be allowed, but cool and healthy. Disease and clothes account, none the less, in part for the decay of the black race of Australia.

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Compared with ancient methods the occupation of any country by white men, and the consequent treatment of the race that is supplanted, may appear mild. None the less "occupation" is a cruel business, and one that must revolt every generous mind. The story of the occupation of Australia is not one in which Australians take any pride, although it must be remembered to their credit that they are witnesses-in-chief against themselves. The *Hobart Town Times* of April 1836 provides evidence in point as to the treatment of the Tasmanian blacks. "They have been murdered in cold blood. They have been shot down in the woods and hunted down as beasts of prey. Their women have been contaminated and then had their throats cut, or been shot by the British residents, who would fain call themselves civilised people. The Government, too, and the common hangman sacrificed the lives of such of the aborigines as in retaliation destroyed their wholesale murderers, and the Government, to its shame be it recorded, in no one instance, on no single occasion, ever punished or threatened to punish the acknowledged murderers of the aboriginal inhabitants."

It would be hard to find a more eloquent advocate of the cause of the aborigines than the late

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Mr. James Bonwick. This is what he wrote of the Tasmanians who were driven out of their fair heritage to make way for the white man. "The fairest parts of their country, most abounding in game and wild fruits, were in the possession of strangers who drove them off as trespassers. They might take up their quarters in the stormy west, in the cloudland of rocks, in the silence of dense scrub, in any barren, in any inclement region not wanted by the whites. When thus robbed of natural supplies of food, they were free to pine in famine; but to touch an animal feeding on pastures once held by kangaroos was a crime, and a crime resented by bullets. Except they dwelt with eagles on mountain-tops they were liable to come in contact with white men. On the outskirts of civilisation are ever found the rougher characters of our race. At a distance from authority, licence prevails. Removed from moral agencies, the tendency is downward, and the passions have freer course. Borderers are seldom saints. The very absence of women, however coarse and degraded they may be, removes the last barrier of propriety among the reputed civilised." The outraged Tasmanians were a "bold and independent race." Is it surprising that they resented what they rightly considered to be an injustice

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with the utmost fury ? They sometimes attacked the wrong party, but, argued Mr. Bonwick, “ When our frigates go to avenge a murder by natives without inquiry as to the individual criminals or cause of outrage, the shots are directed against the village and the whole tribe. If civilised and Christian warriors act so, is it wonderful that heathen savages personally injured should fail to discriminate, and confound all who belong to the hated race ? ”

There is, of course, another side which can only be assessed in its full significance by men and women who have lived under conditions of life where such a contest is possible. Where men who have worked hard with stock, and know from experience how dangerous and irresistible is a cattle rush, see the stock frightened night after night ;—where they find the cattle perishing from thirst because a tribe of blacks have camped by the only available waterhole ;—where they track a wounded bullock and find him dragging about in his emaciated body the stone heads of spears from which the handles have trailed away ;—where they have found the horribly mutilated body of some white man whose only fault had been that he “ trusted those black devils ” not wisely but too well ;—where they have experienced the horrors

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of being stalked by an invisible foe ;—where they have realised that they can never leave their wives and children at home without taking anxious care to ride with them at their saddle bow ;—where they have experienced the thrill of holding in their hands the weapon that can in a moment protect their lives against a ruthless savage opponent ;—where, alas, they have found that no man is exempt from the tyranny of fierce rage, or an unholy desire for bloody reprisals for bloody deeds ;—in short, where men are forced to look at ethical questions through the haze of happenings, and not in the rarefied atmosphere of a lecture-room, the relative claims of mercy and justice are not easy to adjust. Moreover, where there exists much mutual provocation, where there have been fierce reprisals on either side, where interests clash irreconcilably, there it is difficult even to advance the black man's side of the case with any hope of a patient hearing, let alone of sympathy.

One of the most philanthropic and courageous politicians that it has been my privilege to know in any part of the world, the Honourable J. F. G. Foxton, voiced in 1903 what I believe to be the final attitude of the Australian people towards the aborigines. He said, so far as I can recollect,

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something like this: "Cattle and sheep are all very well; but human beings, whether they have white skins or black skins, are of greater importance. The only way to adjust, with credit to the community, the rights of the cattle and the blacks to certain waterholes in the times of drought is to provide ample reserves where the aborigines can be provided for and live without molestation . . . while I have care of the aborigines no one shall hear of dispersals." The lines laid down by Colonel Foxton have been followed in the main by successive occupants of his chair as Home Secretary. It is safe to say they will be followed in Queensland until—the end.

There are many contributory causes for the disappearance of the Australian aborigines. Yet, whether they are regarded separately or in their accumulated force, they do not explain entirely the phenomenon of a dying race. The savage races of South Africa show no sign of disappearing before a dominant white race. The negroes in the United States are set in the midst of a fiercely antagonistic people. They are often face to face with a lack of justice and consideration that has never been surpassed even in the worst days following those of open warfare in Australia. Yet the negroes increase and multiply exceedingly. It

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is not a question that can be settled by comparison either of physical or mental qualities. The Australian aborigine may not be as magnificently proportioned as a Kaffir, or as sturdily set as a negro, but he is no weakling. He is as finely run as a racehorse. His muscles are as strong as spun steel. He is brave. He is honest and honourable according to his lights. He is merry and kind-hearted. Allowing for the variations of mentality common to all races, he is intelligent and capable of rising to considerable heights of education. In capacity for moral and spiritual development the Australian aborigines are not a whit behind other savage races which increase and multiply under the British rule. But they seem to have shuddered at the approach of the stranger, and to be flitting silently and quickly into the limbo of forgotten races.

It is easy to speak of a higher race pressing out a lower one. But how far can the white race claim to be higher than the aborigines? The savages have been outsavaged. More forceful, more relentless, more skilled in instruments of war and peace, more far-sighted by far than the children of the bush, are we now prepared to say confidently that our might is the sole arbiter of our right to push out, as with foreheads of iron,

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this merry, feckless, childlike folk ? Is it so certain that our dominion shall be an everlasting dominion because we have taken possession and have called the mountains, and rivers, and lakes after our own names ?

SOME OLD TRAILS

“ A stone’s throw out on either hand
From that well-ordered road we tread,
And all the world is wild and strange.”

SOME OLD TRAILS

THERE are many compensations for living in England. One is to be found in picking up the trails of the old peoples who have mingled their blood in these islands.

The composition of the amalgam of the British race is an obscure subject at best. History soon ceases to render much assistance, but very often, where the direct record is of the meagrest character, indirect evidence may be obtained even upon important facts. As it happens, one source of evidence is very plentiful both in England and in Wales. We have an abundant record in the works of the earliest writers of place-names, and that long before we have any other kind of history in abundance. These place-names, their origin and their distribution, do much to enlighten us upon the distribution of races, and upon the breadth and depth of successive impacts of foreign invaders; and England and Wales suffered from invaders not a few.

There is very little to be known about the first race that lived in England—the true ancient

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Britons. They were in possession long before the Celtic races appeared upon the scene. But who they were exactly, whence they came, and how they came, must remain matters of conjecture. It is generally supposed that the pre-Celts form part of that Mediterranean race which spread over Southern and Western Europe, and which is generally known as Neolithic man. In the north of Europe this race mingled with a tall, fair people, but whether the ancient Britons came from this hybrid stock, or more direct from the south, no man can be sure. Their arrival must have been of remote antiquity if Mr. Rice Holmes is correct in thinking that bronze was brought first to Britain about 1800 B.C.

Regarded as a separate people the "long-skulled, small statured pre-Celts" have disappeared, although, according to the Mendelian law, the type they represent is indestructible. Some, indeed, have thought that the pre-Celt represents the stock of the British race, and that basic characteristics are now beginning to dominate the other strains brought in at later periods. These point to the gradual darkening of the pigments of the skin and hair. Fewer tall, fair-haired, round-headed people are to be seen in the streets, and the mass of the population show

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signs of becoming darker, shorter, and longer skulled. Be that as it may, I have seen men, particularly in the west of Wales, who apparently represent the ancient British type, and some I have known displayed a terrific energy of character. This virility was a mark of the Mediterranean race when it was crossed with an Alpine strain. I have thought sometimes, also, that traces were to be seen infecting whole districts. For instance, the Forest of Dean was outside the main track of successive bands of invaders. Its physical features made invasion difficult and defence easy. To-day the foresters are a sturdy, virile, clannish people. They show signs of racial divergence from the Saxon folk who dwell on the Gloucestershire plains and from the Celtic peoples living among the Welsh hills. I have wondered if the stubborn race of miners, dwelling well content with themselves among their wooded hills, could not lay claim, if they would, to be the purest descendants of the ancient Britons.

The pre-Celts have left behind them some graves, knows as "long burrows," some skulls, and some bronze instruments. Have they left any traces of their language? Upon this nothing can be said very definitely, but the Australian aborigines present an extreme case of a dying race from which

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some deductions may be made. The language of the aborigines was never written, and therefore was in a constant state of flux. A tribe could just understand the people who possessed the territory immediately joining their own. They could not understand a word of the people of the tribe beyond the next one. When the blacks came into close contact with the whites their tongue disappeared. The first generation spoke only a few words of English. The next generation spoke only a few aboriginal words. The third generation, if it came at all, spoke only English. Notwithstanding, aboriginal place-names survive in districts from which the aborigines have entirely disappeared.

It is interesting to notice that there is a small group of place-names which may reasonably be attributed to this long-forgotten tongue of old Britain. These names are scattered sparsely all over the country, and they are restricted almost invariably to mountains and rivers. It is not that anything can be proved. On the contrary, the most that may be said is that the names are a continued puzzle. The Severn presents a case in point. The old Welsh name for the river is "Hafren," which is no more Celtic than "Sabrina" is Latin, or "Sæfern" is Saxon. They are all

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transliterations of the same word, it may reasonably be assumed, that came from another earlier language, and means, who knows what? The Biddle, the Bollin, the Croco, and the Etherrow in Cheshire; the Meon and the Coln in Gloucestershire; are streams whose names puzzle philologists, and can only be explained upon the assumption that they are survivals. The noble river Trent presents a similar puzzle. The Wrekin and the Cheviots, also, are presumably representatives of ancient British nomenclature. All these throw an elusive light upon the trails of the old folk.

It has been thought that the various invasions of these islands by Celtic-speaking peoples took place about 800 B.C. The earliest historical movement of this stock was that of the Achæans, who, about 1450 B.C., with their iron weapons mastered the bronze-using inhabitants of Greece. During the interval the Celts swarmed over Europe. It may be assumed that they reached these islands in two great bands. The first to come would be the Goedels, or Gaels. These still remain in force in the North of Scotland, Ireland, and Man. They may have travelled as far south and west as Devonshire. But England and Wales, writing generally, were conquered by the Brythons, who had a close connection with the Belgæ—tribes

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that several centuries later occupied the north-eastern part of Gaul and a part of South Britain.

The Celt has left a strong linguistic mark upon all the British islands. In Wales and in Ireland he held his own against all comers, even though he was made subject to the Saxon, and subsequently became a co-ruler with him. During recent years there has been an exotic attempt made to stimulate the use of Cymric in the principality, but it not certain whether the attempt will succeed in maintaining the language of the Brythons as a living tongue. When I was a boy, *dim Saesneg*, "no English," was a literal confession, by men and women in remoter parts of North Wales, of ignorance of any language except Welsh. It would be interesting to learn if the same can be said now. Education and railways may easily destroy what neither time nor the invaders could injure.

In the extreme west of Yorkshire some interesting facts connected with the Celtic tongue came before me many years ago. I was an undergraduate at the time, spending my Long Vacation in Nidderdale. Leaning over a gate one morning to watch a fine old shepherd work his sheep, I heard him, as I at first thought, calling each of his charges by a different name. He was counting his flock, and in doing so he used the sheep-

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scoring numerals, as they were called in those days. He had no theory as to their origin. I wrote the words down, and in repeating them over aloud I was struck by their close similarity to the Welsh numerals. Professor Rhys, whom I had occasion to consult upon some modest investigations of my own, waxed enthusiastic over the traces of the Brythonic tongue in these parts that once belonged to the Celtic kingdom of Strathclyde. He said, to the best of my memory, this: "They can be scarcely cold in their graves in some parts of the dales who spoke a tongue so full of Celtic words that it might be called a Celtic dialect."

Traces of the use of these strange sheep-scoring numerals are found all over England. One correspondent wrote to me saying that he had heard them used in one of the New England States, whither they had been taken by some early settler. But the primary school teacher discourages anything like departure from modern type, and I doubt if any young shepherd now would use these methods of scoring that have survived through tens of centuries. There is, however, another channel through which their memory may be preserved. Not very long ago I stood in the neighbourhood of Harrogate to watch some children playing Hop-sotch. In the school they would have

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counted one, two, three. At their game they scored in the tongue of their remote ancestors—yan, tain, tither, nether, pip—but they could go no farther than the number of fingers on a single hand.

Another example of the children being hosts for old customs comes from the eastern counties. This is remarkable, because wherever the Danes swarmed they not only destroyed the inhabitants of the land, but they changed the nomenclature thereof with extraordinary completeness. In the whole of Lincolnshire there are only four place-names that suggest remotely any connection with the Brythonic tongue. Yet the village children on the northern wolds, the most purely Danish stock in England, count one another out for their games in a rhyme showing unmistakable signs of being composed partly of Celtic numerals. Spelled phonetically the rhyme runs as follows :

“ Eema, meema, mīma mo,
Kattla, wela, wila, wo
Pot, pan, must be done
Occabi, Koccabi, twenty-one.
One, two, three
Out goes IT with She.”

The change into English is most interesting. It does not detract from the significance of the fact that a long-forgotten language, perhaps pre-Celtic, is preserved by English children.

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The track of Scandinavian invasions can easily be traced by place-names. The endings -by, -thwaite, -beck, -fell, for instance, are well-known marks of the Northman. It is not known so generally that the ending -caster is also a guide up to a certain point. The Norse tongues alone preserved the hard *c* in the Roman *castrum* or *castra*. On the lips of the Saxon, aided by the Norman, the *c* has always softened into -cester or -chester. For example, Doncaster was a Roman settlement that came into Danish hands. Gloucester, on the other hand, was far removed from their avaricious grasp. Similarly, a study of the map of Wales shows that the Norsemen or the Saxons named all the headlands of importance, except round Cardigan Bay, while the inland rivers, both of England and Wales, with a few unimportant exceptions, retain their Celtic designation.

The story of the Saxon invasion becomes the more terrible the more one reads about it. Gildas had a Celtic faculty for vehement declamation that survives to these presents, but beneath his poetic verbiage we see clearly enough a grim picture of flashing swords and crackling flame ; of ruined churches ; of priests, and bishops, and people slain in the streets ; of corpses clotted with blood and left without burial ; of the miserable remnant

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slaughtered in the mountains, or selling themselves as slaves to the invader, or flying beyond the seas, or finding a precarious shelter in the forests and the marshes. The great historian of the Norman Conquest describes the Saxon invasion—a series of constant successful occupations of British soil—as “one of the most fearful blows that ever fell on any nation.” But, having the historical facts in mind, it is possible to follow with a vivid appreciation the track of the conquerors and conquered, to see where the Saxon occupied the land entirely, where they pushed sporadically their outposts, and how there were certain places which they never reached. In the eastern and midland counties they left hardly a trace of the Celt. In Cornwall, “the horn of the Welsh,” on the other hand there are only two English names of any consequence, and they are on the eastern edge of the duchy. New Quay, obviously, is a modern upstart.

Other interesting trails may be picked up in the same fashion. Place-names, in the case of the Saxon and Dane, tell at least a little as to who were the Teuton's favourite heroes; whilst in the case of the Celt they show who were his favourite saints. Again the Saxon, unlike the more poetic Celt, dearly loved to commemorate himself, or at

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any rate his own family name, in a manor or farm or village. These manors and farms not infrequently passed into Norman hands at the Conquest, and often Norman families took to themselves Saxon names. Indeed, it is quite remarkable, considering all the circumstances of the case, how few Norman lords managed to plant their names in English ground as the Teutons did before them. In some cases they added their own personal names to earlier place-names, as in the case of Woolacombe Tracy in North Devon. Willelmus de Traci, one of the murderers of Becket, so it appears, lived in the Valley of Wola or Wulfgar.

In Wales, on the other hand, the Normans left an interesting and important group of place-names. The reasons for this are not far to seek, but among them must be placed the rugged inadaptability of the Brythonic tongue. A very interesting example of Norman methods is to be found in Mold in Flint, where the Norman name, to say the least, is well disguised. The Celts called the place Gwyddgrag, "conspicuous hill." The Normans translated this word into *Mont Halt*, "high mount." This translation, with a transition stage Moalt, has been squeezed into Mold.

Needless to say there are many other pleasant fields in which a traveller returned may wander

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in his search for long-forgotten things. A wise man, who was never content to take all his knowledge of mankind from printed books, used to count the hours he spent playing cat's-cradle with savages as being among the best-spent hours of his life. So it is possible to pick up many an old trail by watching children at their games. Traditions and customs of remote antiquity are passed from generation to generation of children only to be forgotten as each successive generation crosses the rubicon dividing childhood from maturity. Some of these games retain primitive conceptions connected with courtship, marriage, birth, and death. Others show signs of being connected with some primitive form of religion, of tree- or well-worship. The Celtic rhyme recorded earlier probably was used once upon a time for a very fateful purpose, and a certain mysterious terror lurks in the words yet. Children, so I have noticed, recite such rhymes rapidly, and often, when they are alone, with suppressed excitement. It sometimes happens that little ones are terrified to tears by the shock of hearing the words "You are *IT*." This word is always used in a technical sense. It carries the force of a military order even to children who are not noted for possessing habits of implicit obedience. The order is never disputed. Al-

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though the original meaning has faded out of childish tradition there can be little doubt that the rhyme preserves an ancient method of choosing a human sacrifice, or for decimating prisoners of war. The weapons of man become the toys of children. Ceremonies held in the highest value by savages are perpetuated in the games of his little ones. Here, then, is an interesting bypath for hours of pleasure.

Not that the children are the only ones in whom the wisdom of the old folk finds a resting-place. Customs are more tenacious of life than words. A certain Yorkshire lady I knew made it a rule to pay a call upon any friend who had given birth to a child, taking with her these gifts for the infant—an egg, a match, a threepenny-piece, and a lump of coal. She could not explain the reason for her action, but none the less she perpetuated customs of almost incredible age and universality. The symbols of life and wealth, the giving of fire and the means of retaining fire, strike their roots not only into the past but into the customs of savage races to-day. An old gardener I knew and tormented during my boyhood simply refused to obey an order to root up a bed of parsley, while he carried out most punctiliously the heathen custom of beating soundly young walnut trees.

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A few years ago an old servant, who had been in the service of a connection of my own from boyhood to old age, died. On his deathbed he told his wife that she "mun be sure and tell the bees" when he passed away. Here are old trails which any man may pick up for himself, provided that he walk warily and with proper humility.

As a rule casual observers and strangers do not attain anything like the same results as those who come from a "gradely owd stock," or whose avocations make them familiar figures on the country-side. Perhaps the best of all investigators in Great Britain is a country doctor, if he has sloughed the professional manner, or a clergyman of a type not so common in the country as it once was, more's the pity. The north country folk describe such an one as a "homely man," and to him they open their hearts. Yet a simple, genial manner, a quick perception of local rules and courtesy, can pave the way for a more friendly relationship. Incredulity and amusement must be concealed at all costs. It is related of a Somerset parson, on being told that a certain rock, associated with the archfiend, always emitted a blue light during thunderstorms, that he gravely remarked, "Ah, very likely." This is a height of self-control to which few might hope to aspire.

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Yet unless a man can refrain himself from smiles and sarcasm he cannot hope to gain the shy confidences of the folk who know where the old trails commence, and the fashion in which they wind. The back end of the trail is hidden from them, and there is the goal for the true lover of the days that are past.

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THE colonisation of Tropical Australia presents an important and difficult problem, not only to Australia but to the whole British Empire. The problem cannot be left unsettled indefinitely. If the British will not occupy those great spaces, becoming more and more empty through the decay of the aboriginal race, is it certain that the teeming population of the East can be kept out long ?

The trouble is that the majority of intelligent Englishmen are not assured that the colonisation of Tropical Australia by a white race is possible, let alone practicable. There is so much contradictory evidence upon the subject. If the question was one of placing the evidence of those who do not know the Australian Tropics over against the evidence of those who do, the position would be comparatively simple. But this is not the case. The divergent witnesses have in many cases equal rights to speak from intimate personal knowledge. Yet while some maintain with no uncertain voice that a white race can colonise and continue to populate the Australian Tropics, others with equal

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assurance assert that such a contingency is impossible. The truth is that all have much justification for their opinions, and yet none, from the facts of the case, are justified in any dogmatism. There are so many new conditions to be considered. The sphere of inquiry is so large, and the whole question of adaptability of race to new environment is so little explored, that it can only be finally settled by experience—and by the experience not of one generation but of four or five generations. It is just as irrational to assert the impossibility of a white race adapting itself to the conditions of Tropical Australia as it is to assert the certainty of its doing so. It is a big colonising experiment—perhaps the biggest experiment of its kind that has ever been before the British people.

In attempting to emphasize the experimental character of the problem, let me point out the extraordinarily great difficulty of stating it in comprehensive terms. More than half Australia is in the Tropics, and this fact will become more apparent in looking at a map drawn, not upon Mercator's projection, but with allowance for the swelling lines of longitude. It is manifestly difficult to generalise as to the conditions prevailing over so huge a tract of country, and yet that is being done constantly by those who will persist in

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applying conditions of the part they know to the whole which they do not know. What applies to the coast, with its multitude of rivers and creeks, has no reference to the dry interior behind the mountain ranges. The rugged, mountainous, mining country is often barren to the last degree : on the rolling downs the sheep graze in flocks numbered in hundreds of thousands. It is misleading to assume that the cold winter nights on the western plateau—I have found my water-bottle frozen stiff by my side—find their counterparts on the northern littoral. It is equally misleading to speak as though the sweltering conditions of the northern rivers near the coast in summer are symptomatic of the whole of Tropical Australia, or are equally unpleasant at all times of the year.

The table-land country, speaking generally, is suitable to pastoral industries and unsuitable for agriculture. Cattle, on the other hand, do not thrive so well in a country suitable for growing sugar or rubber. There are some parts of Tropical Australia where the fertility is enormous ; there are other parts, to use an Australian colloquialism, which would not “ feed a bandicoot to a square mile.” There are districts which will carry close population ; there are other districts where the population has always been sparse, and where it

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must remain sparse whether the settlers are black, white, yellow, or brown.

But among the many difficulties of generalising correctly with regard to vast tracts of country must be counted the danger of generalising from imperfect knowledge. The lady visitor who cheerfully stated in the *Times* that women go from Melbourne to North Queensland with less fuss than other women change their abode from Kensington to Bayswater was talking arrant nonsense. She damned the weight of her own evidence when she said that on the littoral of North Queensland "we do not hear, and never have heard, anything about the unhealthiness of the climate." The more accurate observer, however, who sees tropical plains in the drought may be forgiven for underestimating their marvellous recuperativeness. I have ridden over tracts of country as destitute of verdure as the wood blocks of Pall Mall, and two months later the grass there has brushed against my horse's girths. Those, again, who see the sunny north during the halcyon days of winter may well fail to realise how fierce is the summer heat, and how fiercer still can be the cyclonic storms.

But if the actual conditions of life in Tropical Australia are so varied that they forbid hasty generalisation, the whole question of the adapt-

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ability of race and environment is too obscure to allow dogmatism with regard to the suitability of the Australian Tropics to a white race. It has been said recently that the conditions of Tropical Australia are similar to those of West Africa. Nothing could be more dissimilar. In West Africa there is a rapidly multiplying black population—who, while they occupy the land, act as children of Gibeon to the white colonist. In Tropical Australia there is no such assistance for the white colonists. The Australian blacks—an interesting, kindly, and lovable race—have found themselves unable to bridge the gulf between the early Stone Age and the twentieth century. They shivered at the approach of the white man, and are rapidly disappearing. They are good stockmen, as might be expected from a race of hunters. They are not interested in agriculture, and still less do they care for the complications of industrial life. Their women are uncertain as “domestic helps.” Both men and women have an appalling facility for becoming identified with what is worst and most sordid in the social life of the whites. Later they become simply objects of pity or contempt, according to the mental quality of the observer. So the colonists are left to be their own hewers of wood and drawers of water. Can they continue

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to do this ? Can the white race exist and multiply in a normal fashion in such circumstances in the Tropics ? Opinions differ, and such opinions are expressed most dogmatically by those who have the least practical experience of Tropical Australia—at least as a whole. And the fact remains that there is really no experience of similar conditions in any other part of the Tropics. The experiment is quite new.

Another experimental feature in the problem is the quality of the Southern Tropics. Tropical heat, apparently, is not the same south of the Equator as it is north of the Line. Therefore criticism of the unsuitability of the climate of Tropical Australia based only upon the experience of India or Africa is not necessarily trustworthy. For example, Townsville, in North Queensland, is about the same latitude south as is Bombay north. The isothermic lines are practically the same in North Central Australia as they are in the Central Provinces of India. In India no white man, even in the winter, goes out for an hour without a sun helmet. In North Queensland all the year through I have ridden at all times of the day with no covering for my head but a thin felt hat, and that without discomfort. When it was very hot I placed a handful of eucalyptus-tree leaves between the

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crown of the hat and my head. This is the experience of others also, and it represents an interesting phase of the problem.

Another point often overlooked is the extraordinary mean altitude of Tropical Australia. The Northern Territory comprises an area of 523,000 square miles, or 335,000,000 acres, and the bulk of this huge extent of country consists of a table-land which rises gradually from the coast to a height of about 1700 feet. But I fear that fact is sometimes unfairly exploited. The table-land country is suitable to pastoral pursuits, and consequently unsuitable to agriculture, or it is mining country, and therefore useful for little else. The failure to make this point clear has been the text for many bitter attacks upon the colonising policy of Australia.

The question of health in the Australian Tropics has been confused by multitudinous writers and speakers. Captain Barclay in an article in *Life* says : "Many instances can be pointed out where three generations live strong and healthy—whilst the average children about the streets are at least as rosy and chubby as any in the Commonwealth." On the other hand, Mr. Gascoyne in a recent issue of the *National Review* heaps scorn upon Professor Gregory for "waxing enthusiastic about those

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little rosebuds, the school-children of Northern Queensland," and somewhat acutely says that "anything can be proved about climate by statistics of child mortality." During ten years' work in Tropical Australia I have probably seen far more children than either of these gentlemen. Some children are sturdy, well set up, very active and intelligent. Others, particularly on the western plains, are thin and small—martyrs to sandy blight and other ophthalmic troubles. Personally, I think that much of the unsatisfactory health of children must be laid down to the charge of bad housing, poor feeding, and imperfect medical supervision. These things are all incidental to the earlier days of settlement, and all tend to disappear later. But the point I wish to make is almost the same as that made by Mr. Gascoyne—that statistics of child mortality are not conclusive on either side. The question of child health in the Australian Tropics must be looked at very tentatively. Experience is the only reliable guide, and at the present stage it is most unsafe to prophesy what the ultimate fate of the race will be. It is equally uncertain that white races will retain their present characteristics in a tropical environment.

The official summary of the report of the pre-

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liminary scientific expedition in the Northern Territory last year presents some interesting evidence upon this point. The members of the expedition, consisting of Prof. Baldwin Spencer, Prof. Gilruth, Dr. Woolnough, and Dr. Breinl, say :

Bearing in mind that the country was visited at the time of year when the climate was most suitable for Europeans, the general health was remarkably good. The families of the second generation examined showed no signs of physical deterioration, but we were informed by certain persons that it is regarded as advantageous to send children away on reaching the age of ten or twelve ; but from cases that have come under our own observation we are unable to state positively that this is absolutely necessary so far as health conditions are concerned, factors such as that of education entering into the question.

There are none of the tropical diseases, such as malaria and dysentery, endemic in the settlements, and as long as the necessary hygienic precautions are observed there is no reason to anticipate their appearance.

As regards the intelligence of the school-children, the evidence available points to the fact that there is no deterioration observable, the standard being the equivalent of that of more southern settlements.

There are at present men who have spent from three to four decades in the Territory, and every one of them compares favourably, both as regards physique and energy, with men of similar ages elsewhere.

The healthiest and strongest are those, both men and women, who take regular open-air exercise, both in the relatively cool and in the hot season.

The general reliability of these conclusions I can support from my own observation. There is

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less sickness in the hot summer months in North Queensland than there is in the winter. The healthiest part of the year is the wet season, when, on the coast, a man might wish to echo the sentiments of Mr. Mantalini as to the distinct unpleasantness of a damp human body. The healthiest men are those who take the hardest physical exercise. The women who do their own washing and cooking are seldom those who suffer from nervous maladies. And the doctors generally take their holidays during the hottest part of the year because there is less sickness at that time.

The death-rate of Queensland—two-thirds of the territory of the State are in the Tropics—compares favourably with that of Europe, and the Southern States of Australia. The mortality in Russia is about 30 per thousand, in France 19·3, in the United Kingdom 15·1, in Victoria 11·49, in Queensland 9·72. But the most densely populated part of Queensland is south of the Tropic of Capricorn, and north of the Tropic the population *at present* is largely migratory, and contains few who are old or feeble. Similar considerations affect and modify birth statistics. I am anxious not to make points, but to illustrate the experimental character of the problem of colonisation.

Up to this point there is nothing very discourag-

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ing in the colonising problem. But what must be said about the very slow development of the Northern Territory? During the past twenty years the variation of population has been as follows :

Year.	Europeans.	Asiatic and other Aliens (excepting Aborigines).	Total.
1891 . .	1144	3754	4898
1901 . .	1055	3041	4096
1911 . .	1418	1892	3310
1911 (Dec. 31)	1729	1519	3248

From the above figures it will be seen that the total population has greatly decreased, but that the white population has very slowly increased. Here undoubtedly is a very serious phase of the problem. Yet I venture to suggest that slowness of development up to the present stage may easily be pressed too far. The Northern Territory is only part of the Australian Tropics, which include a large part of the two States of Queensland and West Australia. In the Queensland Tropics there has been much more satisfactory development.

Moreover, Australia must be considered as a whole when population is concerned. Colonisation cannot be arbitrarily directed to any one part

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in a continent where every man is free to live wherever he likes, from Port Darwin to Hobart, from Brisbane to Perth. As a matter of fact, colonisation naturally flows along the line of least resistance. The easier places are settled first, before the population flows farther afield. This has been the experience of the United States. It has been the same in Canada. The Eastern States were developed before the Western ones, and those districts where the winter is less rigorous were occupied before men pressed towards the icy confines of Hudson's Bay. Australia needs population everywhere, and only when the Southern States are better filled can we expect to find the tide setting normally towards the rich but burning lands of the Northern Tropics.

There is a curious fact with regard to the fluidity of immigration, which I record simply as one of personal observation. While British immigration has been flowing during the last few years into the southern parts of Australia, Australians from the southern parts have been pressing into North Queensland. Victorian farmers are the first to seek plots of land wherever large areas are thrown open to selection. The white workers in the cane-fields largely come from the northern rivers of New South Wales. The young assayers and

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mining managers in the newest copper-fields are almost invariably Australian-born and from the south. Speaking generally, the men who thus invade the Tropics are the brightest and most adventurous. They are prepared to risk much to gain much. And, obversely, I have noticed that immigrants from Europe tend to drift at first to the easier, slower life of the south. The new Director of the Northern Territory professes that he does not want to draw upon the South for population. He is right in desiring to supplement the present increase by immigration, and for this purpose to throw a net over all Europe. But the best colonists will come in increasing numbers from the South to suit their own interests, and incidentally to take a practical part in making the experiment of settling the Australian Tropics with a white race.

Another fact must not be overlooked. The population of Australia is steadily increasing. From the wild statements made from time to time in the daily press the contrary might easily be assumed. A paragraph in one of the London daily papers recently caught my eye. It was to the effect that the population of Australia had only increased by 113,000 in ten years ! If this statement had been true, it would have been truly

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tragic. But, as a matter of fact, the increase of the ten years was 672,000, which represents 20 per cent. gain on the whole population of the Commonwealth during that period. This is by no means unsatisfactory.

Tropical Australia has benefited in this gradual increase. Take the case of Queensland. The Tropic of Capricorn runs through Rockhampton, so placing two-thirds of the area of the state inside the Tropics, while the remaining third possesses semi-tropical conditions. About half the population of Queensland is within the Tropics. During the ten years I have watched the development of the sugar industry on the northern coast, of the agricultural lands behind Cairns, and of the great mining-fields in the Cairns hinterland and in the Cloncurry districts. That development is now proceeding. It will proceed even more rapidly as a consequence of the railway policy of the Queensland Government. The energetic and wide-spirited policy of the Federal Government cannot fail to have its effect in a similar direction in the Northern Territory. I, for one, do not doubt that the magnificent pastoral country of the interior and the northern littoral of the territory will develop so soon as it ceases to be separated from other parts of Australia by the uncertain waters

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of the Gulf of Carpentaria and the long cyclone-swept reaches within the Great Barrier Reef. Railway communication is essential to development.

The policy of the Commonwealth Government in the Northern Territory is itself frankly experimental. One of the earliest ventures was the establishment of two experimental farms. Practical experiments are being made as to the best and cheapest methods of cultivating rubber, coconuts, and sisal hemp in the generally tropical districts. Experiments are in progress with regard to fattening sheep and breeding horses. And last, but not least, the study of tropical diseases, both of animals and men, has been taken up with zeal and success. But when all is said and done, the whole thing is only a big experiment. It is an experiment worth trying. Australia has seen the vision of keeping a home for the white race in the Southern Sea. The Labour Party, who hold most tenaciously to the vision, are not seeking primarily higher wages by excluding black and yellow competition. They are seeking to guard the existence of white civilisation from being crowded out by a lower social organism. Australians desire to guard the purity of the white race, and to prevent the genesis of a colour problem in

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Australia. Will they succeed in their experiment? My contention is that it is too early to be dogmatic—it is equally irrational to say that the experiment must fail as to say it must succeed. It is worth trying. It must be tried with a will and—far stranger things have happened.

THE ABIDING QUALITY OF
ENGLISH HUMOUR

“ A jest’s prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.”

—*Love’s Labour’s Lost.*

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STATED in its broadest terms, humour is a keen perception of the incongruities of life and things. But there is nothing so elusive as humour. Apart from the primary difficulty of arriving at a perfectly satisfactory definition, there is the still greater danger of finding that the soul of humour has evaporated in an attempted autopsy. In Maeterlinck's charming quest of the blue bird, the soul of things is apparent to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, but let any seek to handle and—in the twinkling of an eye—the ethereal blueness disappears. What remains is a drab black. It behoves all who venture to write about humour, therefore, to walk delicately even in the well-trodden fields.

If one may judge from their curious clay books and mural inscriptions, the Assyrians and Babylonians were the most seriously-minded nations the world has ever known. It is impossible to suspect that fine old law-giver Hammurabi of any *double entendre* in framing his most famous legal code.

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Yet there is something distinctly humorous in his laws. Look at those concerned with the medical profession. When a surgeon of the period, "with a bronze instrument," removed a cataract from the eye of a patient his fee was fixed by law. If the operation was unsuccessful, and the eye of the patient was lost, then the corresponding eye of the operator must go too. One wonders if there were dentists in those days of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Canon Rawlinson, a great Assyriologist, once remarked that he had only found one trace of *conscious* humour in the writings of these strenuous peoples. A certain monarch, with a terseness of expression that might have put Tacitus to shame, recorded that he had cut off the hands and feet of some troublesome princes who thenceforward "fed under his table like little dogs."

This Assyrian jest may be reckoned too grim to serve as an effective foil for the humour of a less seriously-minded race. There is, however, a surprising kinship between the Celto-Iberian peoples of Spain and those of Great Britain. The influence of Spanish literature upon this country has been very great. Moreover the Spaniards, as all who know their proverbial philosophy are well aware, have a great sense of humour. Yet what

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is it that has given the English such a great tenderness for fools? We always find it difficult to laugh at the baiting of that fine gentleman Don Quixote, and his moderately faithful squire. It is far easier to love both master and man, and to laugh because we love.

A recent writer in the *Nineteenth Century and After* has made an interesting comparison between English and American humour, based upon the literature of the two countries. This critic thinks that there is a fundamental difference between the two countries, which he sums up in two words—realism and exaggeration. The Englishman, so he opines, loves what is literal. “His conception of a ‘funny picture’ is the drawing of a trivial accident in a hunting-field, depicting exactly everything as it happened, with the discomfited horseman dripping with water from having fallen into a stream; or covered with mud by being thrown into a bog. The American funny picture tries to convey the same ideas by exaggeration. It gives us negroes with boots that are two feet long, collars six inches high, and diamonds that shoot streaks of light across the paper. The English cartoonist makes a literal drawing. He may draw Mr. Lloyd George as a chimney-sweep, or a nurse-girl, or as a bull-terrier, but the face

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is always the face of Mr. Lloyd George. The American cartoonist, on the contrary, reduces Mr. Roosevelt to a set of teeth with spectacles, Sir Wilfred Laurier to a lock of hair, and the German Kaiser to a pair of moustaches. In either case, the object sought may be attained or missed. British literalism in comic art or literature easily fades into insipid dullness. Pointless stories of 'awfully amusing things,' told just as they happened, make one long for the sound of a literary lie."

An Englishman invariably is interested by any picture of himself, especially when it is by an artist of another nationality. It must be confessed, however, that he is seldom satisfied by what he sees. In this case he must accept with sympathy the news that English stories of—I am loath to adopt the phrase "awfully amusing things"—sometimes bore an American to distraction. None the less he must maintain that realism, if by realism is meant fidelity to the facts of life, is required from any man who seeks to touch the deepest springs of English humour. Exaggeration, conscious or unconscious, can stir the English to laughter, but only for a while. In the end they find themselves taking the same attitude towards American humour that Americans are said to adopt

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towards "British literalism." The truth, as expressed by the great master of English humour, needs to be applied without respect of nations :

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

Let me hasten to confess that for eight years I have been trying to write this chapter, and not improbably, when it has been published, I shall wish that the public hangman had burned it in St. Mary's Square at Gloucester. But I cannot escape from the conclusion that the English demand from all their jesters that they shall faithfully deal with life, not so much in its transitory interests as in its deep and abiding contrasts. English humour is often too deep for any outward manifestation. It moves both to laughter and to tears, for tears and laughter are never very far apart. The most serious things in life are those in which abide the deepest incongruities. This is the plea of Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his own defence against a charge of jesting upon serious subjects. "Men talk with the faces of cardinals," he argues, "about things like golf, or tobacco, or waistcoats, or party politics." They are always amused about things which really matter—"being married, being

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hanged.” Or, as Walter Bagehot said, “From the point of view of contrast the whole world is incongruous. A soul ties its shoes. The mind washes its hands in a basin.” But when all is said and done, the abiding quality of English humour is its kindly human sympathy towards a world full of inconsistencies and contrasts.

Let me call as my first witness the great master of English humour himself. Speaking generally, Shakespeare almost invariably was concerned with the elemental contrasts of human life. Witness that incomparable dialogue between Mister Justice Shallow and Mister Silence upon two momentous questions, the fate of all humanity and the price of a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair. Or, Mistress Quickly’s characteristic account of her attempt to comfort poor dying Sir John Falstaff, whom she saw fumbling with a sheet, smiling at his finger-ends and babbling of green fields. “‘How now, Sir John?’ quoth I; ‘what, man! be of good cheer.’ So a’ cried out—‘God! God! God!’ three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a’ should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with such thoughts yet.” Strange as it may seem, I have heard accounts of deathbed scenes in the North of England not so very much unlike what happened in

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the "house in Eastcheap." In such cases, and in other cases where the common folk speak of the incongruities of life and death, there has been nothing hard, nothing contemptuous in the laugh that followed the tale.

Another example in point was told recently to me in a Yorkshire parish where I once served as curate. A farmer lay a-dying, and his children were gathered around his bed. The shrewd old man turned to his eldest son and whispered to him this sapient piece of advice: "William, if ever tha' kills a pig for anyone else, allus send it whoam wi'out scourin' it. It weighs more." The story was repeated by one who had stood at the death-bed and who loved and respected the old man. It is not improbable that the farmer would have told the story himself if he had lived. North countrymen are never afraid of a laugh against themselves.

It is surprising that Sir Edward Sullivan, who has so trenchantly defended the personality of the great dramatist, has not seized hold of the variant attitudes of Lord Verulam and Shakespeare towards the incongruities of human life and death. Their general outlook upon life was marvellously similar. But one is contemptuous of the frailties of poor humanity; the other has a

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kindly smile for fools and for those whom the world counts undone—"the men hemmed in by the spears." It is almost impossible to think of Shakespeare writing such lines as these :

"The world's a bubble ; and the life of man
Less than a span ;
In his conception wretched—from the womb
So to the tomb ;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in dust."

One of the facts about our Expeditionary Forces that we treasure with most pride is the invincible good humour of the soldiers. Two men warmly argue in the trenches upon the respective merits of two football teams in Lancashire, conscious all the time of the incongruity of their own actions. "We saw a funny side to everything," said a wounded soldier, telling the story of what little he had seen of a battle.

Quite recently I received a letter from a French friend telling in a simple, affecting fashion of her farewell to her soldier lover. There was no room for humour in her intimate sorrow. Almost at the same time I was told of a conversation overheard between two women in a Sheffield tramcar. They had both returned from saying good-bye to

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their husbands *en route* for the front. "A' couldn't think what to say to him," said one with a break in her voice. "So a' said, 'Well, so long, old lad, an' if tha thumps t' Kaiser as tha's thumped me, he'll be sorry as iver tha went.'" The "thumping" may have been an outrageously false accusation, but the incongruity of the farewell would be apparent to both. So, also, should be the bravery of the woman who sent off her man into the land of the shadow with a joke. This incident may seem a pointless story to an American, while to a German it may show a deep and abiding national flippancy, yet it is characteristic of a deep and conscious sense of humour which readily finds a response among Englishmen and Englishwomen.

If we turn to the well-trodden fields of English literature we are confronted with the same characteristics of English humour, but another factor emerges beside our path. It becomes evident why not all humour is permanent. Some writers have lost a virtue they once possessed. With others, again, it continues long after they have been gathered to their fathers. What is the reason for this? Theodore Hook may be taken as an example of an English humorist whose power has evaporated. His jests are dreary reading after the lapse of eighty years. Mrs. Rams-

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botham's account of Chiswick Fair was once famous, and is amusing still :

“ Mr. Bull, if you had seen the way in which the gentlemen ran about fetching vittles for the ladies—it was quite charming. ‘I want a wing for a lady,’ says one—‘I want a couple of legs for my Ant as can't walk,’ says another, ‘a thick slice of beef for Miss Angelina.’ ”

And so on. One can understand how consumedly Hook's contemporaries laughed at this rattle. It was concerned with a portion of the world they knew well. But the first Georgian era has passed and Chiswick Fair is shorn of its glories. Fashions, if not men, have changed. And the reputation of Theodore Hook has become a thin memory. Is it because he based his humour upon that which was only transitory ? He certainly was content never to look below the surface of life for elemental and abiding contrasts.

The other day a lecturer at a well-known English public school for girls, for the space of an hour, exhorted his young hearers, as a rule of life, “ to take plenty of fresh air, keep away from the fire, and read plenty of good books.” They might peruse safely “ all Dickens' works save one—*Pickwick Papers*.” There was “ too much said about drinking ” in those dangerous pages for girls to read them ! One could regret that the creator

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of Mr. Pickwick and the “immortal Sam Weller” had not met this counsellor of the young. Dickens might have conceived him speaking for ever in the same sapient fashion. In happy chance he might have made the lecturer as one of the immortals! But are Dickens’ creations immortal? The question is not so simple as it appears. Any one work, it might be thought, supplies characters sufficient to preserve for ever the writer’s reputation as a humorist. But, strangely enough, this does not appear to be the case. The question of changing times is not, in itself, a serious factor. It is true that the servants, the schoolmasters, and the coachdrivers of the early Victorian age have disappeared. But so have the professional fools and the swashbucklers whom Shakespeare saw. The real difficulty lies in the fact that Dickens seldom, if ever, drew an accurate picture of any man or woman. His quickness of perception of that which was upon the surface prevented him from creating anything which required a deeply intimate knowledge of the heart and intellect of man. This limitation impressed one of the keenest witted among his contemporaries—Mr. Walter Bagehot—who remarked “a very peculiar power of taking hold of some particular traits and making a character out of them.” This being the case, it

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is doubtful how far the author's genius can fulfil the essential qualifications for stability in humour. This doubt has received some confirmation in Australia, where fiction is read with great avidity. A small number read Dickens with joy, but the growing majority prefer the banalities of modern novels that deal more or less intimately with the externals of the world in which they live.

Oliver Goldsmith supplies another case in point. The *Vicar of Wakefield* is one of the most improbable stories. Moses and his spectacles ; the Vicar ; Mrs. Primrose, who left all arguments to her husband, and he never disputed her ability to make "goose pye" ; the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related ; Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday—are not only improbable, they are thoroughly inconsistent with themselves. Yet they are thoroughly human. Their essential humanity is not distorted, neither is it hidden under any transitory trappings of the time. Moreover, those who laugh cannot resist loving those at whom they laugh.

With more modern writers it is not possible to assess accurately their permanence. All that can be done is to mark how far they answer to the

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national demands. Mr. Neil Lyons may be taken, almost at random, from a number of modern writers who possess a genuine kindly perception of the incongruous. The cabman, the drayboys, the soldiers—all who pressed their chests against “Arthur’s” coffee-stall—are delightfully true to human nature in its elemental incongruities. Their valiant attempts to soothe a fractious baby while they philosophised on married life is provocative of merriment. But one cannot help feeling that Mr. Lyons must have written *Love in a Mist* with tears in his eyes. So also *Cottage Pie* is a convincing account of the narrow lives of Buckinghamshire cottage folk. Their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, their loves and aversions, are prolific of elemental incongruities which move us to understanding and sympathy. Who can laugh with bitterness, say, at the misogynic labourer who daily worked to the sweet music of the woodlands, and yet maintained stoutly that the nightingale and plover were the same bird, which found its human counterpart in his “scattle-tongued old aunt” who talked all the jolly day and half the sanguinary night?

There is one great modern writer who possesses a sense of humour almost as great as that of Shakespeare. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is seldom

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decoyed by the deceptive atmosphere of transitory interests. Though he does not always use it to the full, Mr. Rudyard Kipling possesses a power of utilising with phenomenal accuracy the minutest details of human interests and of revealing in them, or through them, the naked and eternal contrasts of human life. What could be finer than the discourse between the "three musketeers" of the British Army, on the merits of their respective forms of the Christian religion on that sunny afternoon when they were lying in wait to shoot a deserter from the ranks of the Aurangabadis? Learoyd, speaking as one to whom Primitive Methodism was the memory of the best hours of his life. Mulvaney approving the "iverlasting nature of mankind," but preferring for himself the Roman Catholic Church "bekase she's most remarkable regimental in her fittings." And Ortheris impatiently asking, "Wot's the use of worriting about these things? You're bound to find all out quicker nor you want to, anyhow." Then mark the mingled humour and pathos with which Learoyd unfolds the artless story of his only love on Greenhow Hill, of his conversion, of his disappointment, of his backsliding, of his enlistment, of his visit to his dying sweetheart, and of the sergeant, "one of them bustlin' chaps," advising

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him "best to forget her." While the strong man tears up and throws away a clump of violets in the bitterness of his human sorrow, his unsentimental comrade is sighting his rifle to the deserter who "'appen was tewed up with a lass too." The contrasts of life are magnificent, and so also is the broad humanity. They are almost too elemental to allow either laughter or tears.

Those who have read the late Canon Ainger's charming essays may remember how, with characteristic acumen, he noted two streams in English literature running outside the main current. Charles Lamb, he thought, was the forbear of what is called American humour, while Dean Swift possessed characteristics more akin to Voltaire than to Shakespeare. Lamb certainly had a quaint habit of exaggeration, and Elia and Eliana show something of the affected simplicity which is said to be characteristic of American humour. At the close of an essay entitled "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars," Lamb tells the following story, of which he himself in all probability was the chief actor, although he tells the anecdote of an acquaintance: "Pray God, your honour relieves me," said a poor Bedes woman to my friend L. one day. "I have seen better days." "So have I, my good woman," retorted he, looking up at

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the welkin which was just then threatening a storm—and the jest was as good to the woman as a tester. It would have been thought worth far more than sixpence by Lamb himself. He might have forgotten in it for a while his own “sorrow’s crown of sorrows.” But it is not easy to credit a beggar-woman with a similar capacity. To do so would not be natural. Would she not rather clothe herself with cursing as with a raiment? Those who love Charles Lamb, and who best know the circumstances of his life, recognise in him this element of aloofness. No one could show better how close together are laughter and tears; no one better illustrate the fact that the truest humour is often too deep for both. To use the vivid phrase of a great Scotch preacher, Lamb “smiles through a mist of unshed tears.” Yet it remains an open question how far this aloofness is not outside the main current of English humour.

Dean Swift was above all things a satirist, but his works show a quick perception of incongruities in the world, but what is seen provokes sneers, not kindly human feeling. A child, it has been said, reads *Gulliver’s Travels* much in the spirit of the Irish bishop who pronounced the story interesting, but added that it contained some things which he

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could hardly believe. Later on is borne in a conviction of the horrible purpose of the book. The follies, the feelings, the incongruities of poor humanity are held up one by one to cruel scorn. Such humour is inhuman. The same unkindly cynicism is behind the savage suggestion that a good understanding between Irish landlords and their tenants could be attained by the peasantry supplying fattened babies for their squires' breakfast tables. The naked effrontery of the last suggestion was positively indecent. It is not surprising to learn that the Irish could see no fun in it, and that they blockaded the Deanery of St. Patrick, so preventing the goings out and comings in of the occupant.

Satire is never altogether distasteful, and the form of humour most popular in London before the war was cheerfully cynical. The latter-day cynic did not possess the awful virility of Swift, even when he attempted to copy his style, but he was like Swift in that he appeared to respect nothing. All things served his flippant purpose, and nothing in heaven or earth appeared to matter much. But similar phases have appeared and disappeared before this, without affecting in the slightest the national sense of humour—a sense which manifested itself long before the days

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of Shakespeare or Chaucer. It has never been easy to transplant into this country the more pungent wit of other peoples. May it not be assumed, therefore, that as the English mind responds most readily to those who present the elemental contrasts and incongruities of human life without contempt and without bitterness, so the words with which Thackeray commenced his famous lectures on the English humorists will remain permanently true? "The humorous writer should more than appeal to our mere sense of ridicule. He professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—and sometimes love him."

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI

“ Follow the sound, and it will lead thee on
Into an English church, the home of prayer ;
For who shall say she is not lovelier there
Than in all other fanes beneath the sun ?
There if thou doubttest, may it not impart
Fresh hope, to learn that other hope is sure ? ”

—CHARLES TENNYSON, *Sonnet xxxiv.*

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DESPITE all the atrocities committed in the name of restoration, the churches of England still remain as treasure-houses of national art. It is not surprising that this should be the case. Just as the Japanese artist before the days of commercial enterprise found his happiness in his microscopic handiwork and his reward in the appreciation of his feudal lord, so the mediæval craftsmen derived inspiration and satisfaction in the House of God. The monetary recompense for an exquisite netsuke or a delicate monstrance was inadequate in either case. For that no true artist would care a jot. He had in mediæval times his own peculiar trials, as may be gathered from the experiences of so great a church worker as Michael Angelo. He was not invariably a religious man, judged by modern standards, in which morality is the test of true godliness. Even in England church art was not infrequently used for revenge and ridicule. The carving below the miserere seats provide instances in point. But mediæval artists were delivered mercifully from the temptation to sell

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their souls for silver, and were freer to abandon themselves light-heartedly to their overmastering desire to express their own inner light.

He who praises bygone days is open to the danger of forgetting that in his essence and his limitations man is always much the same. Yet anyone who has felt in his bones the beauty of a great cathedral must have been both stirred and humbled by the thought of the unknown artists and craftsmen whose labour remains behind them. Great names stand out, and their holders sleep beneath alabaster tombs holding models of buildings pillowed upon their breasts. Are they really the great artists of the churches associated with their names? Did they taste the true joy that comes from work faithfully done? Or were their mouths filled with the dust of empty praise? Who can say? There is a belated pane, formed by the stonework of a doorway, in one of the windows in the Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral that expresses this idea. The demi-figure of a monk is displayed in the habit of a rough craftsman, chiselling at a stone representation of an angel's wing. The wing stretches out grey and beautiful across the lower field of the picture. The monk is busy, so busy that one almost hears him singing at his work, but his face is hidden. He sees his work

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only. In so doing he is a type of the many unknown artists whose finished work delights us. It does more than delight. It has the power of calling forth an inarticulate yearning for that perfect Beauty and perfect Harmony of Whom vaulted arch and soaring pillar are but faint shadows. It is impossible that these unremembered craftsmen guessed how they held in their hands a chord which would drag at the heart-strings of the generations to come. To suspect as much would be almost an insult to their memories. True artists, they desired no more than to do what they had to do well, and they did it as faithfully amongst the pinnacles and gargoyles in the jackdaws' pleasaunce on the highest roof as they did in the sanctuary where men kneel before another shadow of Divine Reality.

It may seem to some to involve a bathos to pass from the master minds, greatly daring, who planned the choir of Gloucester or that "glorious folly of Beauvais," to the craftsmen who left us only the carved pulpits and lecterns in our parish churches. This is not so, unless we are infected by the megalomania that built St. Peter's at Rome, and in more modern times erected in Hamburg the gigantic statue of Bismarck that, like the stone dæmon on

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Notre Dame, watches over a great city. A survey of the pulpits of the West of England—Somerset, Devon and Gloucestershire, rich in the survival of mediæval art—will convince the intelligent observer that they were no mean artists and craftsmen who worked on this wise. He will delight in the lovely crocheted canopies at Shepton Mallet; in the aerial grace of Cirencester; in the tropical richness of Harburton; or in the chalice shape of Dittisham.

Probably two-thirds of the mediæval pulpits that have survived the unchastened zeal of the restorer are in stone. Of the wooden efforts of art only a few remain, at least in their original shape. The majority have only a few parts surviving. The steps have disappeared altogether, and not infrequently the modern approaches are grotesquely ugly. At Ipplepen, in Devon, there is a fine example of bold fifteenth-century carving rising gracefully from a narrow stem, but the approach, if one may judge from photographs, is an example of modern inaptitude. But, making allowance for regrettable additions, there yet remains much to delight the eye both as regards carving and shape. The post-Reformation wooden pulpits, decked with fat cherubic faces, are more frequently found, and sometimes are of a high

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order of merit. But only too often these were supplanted by sombre "three-deckers," which in their turn have made way for modern erections, some beautiful, and others, alas, witnessing to the banalities of the modern church furnishers.

Fifty years ago gigantic pulpits monopolised the centre of the sanctuary, giving witness to the value placed upon the "ministry of the spoken word." Nowadays, when the office of preaching is decried so generally, it is assumed that sermons were the peculiar fruit of the Reformation, and therefore could not have stimulated true art. A study of mediæval pulpits should demonstrate the shallowness of this assumption. As a matter of fact there was far less preaching in the reign that saw the consummation of the Reformation in England, that of Elizabeth, than was the case during the reign of any monarch from the Conqueror down to the present day. The post-Reformation Government was so nervous with regard to Rome and Geneva that the majority of the clergy were sternly prohibited from preaching at all. The position, even if it had ended there, would have reflected little credit upon my Lord Burleigh and his fellow-ministers. But a worse thing was done. Never has there been a period when the pulpit was prostituted to such

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avowedly political use, and that of the worst type, as in the reign of the Virgin Queen.

Dr. Cox,¹ who has brought to his study a wide and accurate knowledge of Church life in mediæval England, waxes scornful of those who assume that sermons in those days were infrequent, or were marked by absence of Scripture knowledge, or were preached except in rare instances in Latin, or were not appreciated of the people. Indeed it would seem not only that preaching was a valued institution in the Church of England in pre-Reformation days, but that the English themselves were at all times addicted to sermons even while they grumbled continuously at preachers. Surely, however, this case must have been exceptional. The "Questmen" of Colyton in Devon, during a visitation of Bishop Stapleton (1308-26), complained of the rarity and brevity of their vicar's preaching. The complainants were sweetly reasonable. They did not object to the quality of the sermons, for after all they were their vicar's "best, and he was a good man," but he stinted quantity, nor would he admit the preaching friars, as his predecessors had done, to eke out his own insufficiency! And yet the whole incident has a modern ring, at least in a bishop's ears. He

¹ *Pulpits, Lecterns and Organs in English Churches*, J. C. Cox.

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wonders if the Questmen finished up their complaint against their unaccommodating vicar with something like these familiar words: "The truth is, my Lord, our vicar has no tact." Verily, the English are not a changeable people. Long-suffering churchwardens to-day differ mainly in their costumes from the Questmen of the days that are past.

The sermon-glass came into existence in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, obviously to regulate the length of the discourse. Incidentally, it would appear that the vicars of Puritan days showed lack of tact in another fashion to that which disturbed the good folk of Colyton. Yet the people had a remedy in their hands. There is a tall story told of one Dr. Isaac Brown, on the occasion of a charity sermon delivered before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, that he preached for three hours and a half! By the end of this gargantuan repast of pulpit oratory, the congregation had dwindled to a solitary apprentice! Be that as it may, there is abundant proof that even the laity did not so much object to long sermons as to those sermons that were both long and poor. For instance, Macaulay tells how good Bishop Burnet used to preach with the hour-glass in his hand. When the sands

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ran low the congregation clamoured aloud for him to turn the glass and go on afresh.

There are a goodly number of hour-glass stands in the parish churches throughout the country, mostly of ironwork and some possessing considerable grace. The most elaborate design existing in England is at Binfield, Berks, although there are much older examples to be found. Not all the glasses have disappeared. There is one within hand reach of the preacher at Cirencester, but many became useless or were broken. In one instance at least, and that in Cornwall, the pulpit hour-glass was removed to the parsonage kitchen to aid in regulating "the baking of meats." A base use, but not so unpardonable as that which led to the destruction of the parish register at Ashby-cum-Fenby in Lincolnshire, and the consequent wrath of the vicar.

There is a story told of one who assuredly could not be accused of leanings towards theological prejudices with regard to art. Heinrich Heine stood and gazed up inside the cathedral at Amiens with speechless admiration. Then, turning to a friend who was with him, he said, "You may see here the difference between opinions and convictions—*opinions* cannot build such cathedrals, *convictions* can!" There are few who do not

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instinctively believe that Heine's witness is true. The deepest secret of the church art of older days lies in the artists' profound earnestness, forced upon them partly by the nature of the times but still more by the value placed upon the things that are not seen and yet are eternal. Are those days likely to return, now that men are once more staking their lives for things that were little accounted of before the war?

AUSTRALIA AND THE GERMAN
COLONIES

“ There are some that go for the love of a fight,
And some for love of a land,
And some for a dream of the world set free,
Which they barely understand,—

A dream of the world set free from Hate.
But splendidly, one and all,
Danger they drink as 'twere wine of Life,
And jest as they reel and fall.”

—DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.

AUSTRALIA AND THE GERMAN COLONIES

THE capture of Kaiser Wilhelm Land and the Bismarck Archipelago represent Australia's contribution to the work of shearing off the German Colonies. The opposition encountered was not so fierce as that met in the siege of Kiaou Chau. The situation was never so critical as was the case in South Africa. The issues were not so prolonged as in other parts of the Dark Continent. But the Australian achievement was a notable event, and those who are familiar with the circumstances are well aware that if there had been any slackness or bungling a guerilla warfare would have resulted which might have dragged on for many months.

The chief gravamen against German colonial projects, at least in the minds of Australians, is that they were not honest, whole-hearted attempts to develop the land. They masked a strategic preparation for world domination. "Out of sight out of mind" is an old proverb, and Australians, at least in the past, may be forgiven for apply-

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ing the proverb to England, and particularly to Downing Street. The truth is, Downing Street had to take into consideration facts that were not disclosed to the various Australian Colonial Ministers, and it was the fashion, in the two decades following the Franco-German War, to smile upon the colonial aspirations of Germany. New Guinea supplies a case in point. Long before federation was more than a dream, Sir Thomas McIlwraith, one of the most far-sighted of all the Queensland Premiers, recognised the danger that would result from foreign possession of the islands and coasts opposite to Cape York, particularly so far as they menaced the entrances to the waterway inside the Barrier Reef. Men are quick to act in the Southern Continent. Consequently, in 1883, the Queensland Government, *on its own initiative*, annexed the whole mainland opposite east of the 141st meridian. A glance at the map will show that this annexation, if it had been upheld, would have divided New Guinea between the British and the Dutch, and would have left no room for German occupation. As might have been expected at the time, Sir Thomas McIlwraith's masterful initiative was not to the taste of the British Government of the day. They disallowed Australian occupation. The Germans then began

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to advance claims which it was not considered advisable to oppose, and a year later, in 1884, a division of territory, that had been all British, was effected. The Australians took British New Guinea, or, as it is now called, Papua. The Germans occupied Kaiser Wilhelm Land, and also took over New Britain, New Ireland, the Duke of York's Islands, and the Admiralty, Anchorite, Commerson, Hermit, and other groups of islands. These islands were renamed, and together assumed the title of the Bismarck Archipelago. The size of the German haul was only imperfectly understood in England, but the whole business remained a sore point in Australia.

The net result of the fighting in 1914 has been that Australians have retaken what a Queensland statesman annexed in the name of Queen Victoria in 1883, and by so doing they have removed from the vicinity of the Commonwealth a menace to their peace and well-being. The mistake of ever allowing the Germans near to Australia has been rectified. And Australian sailors and soldiers have dotted the i's of an interesting footnote to Imperial history.

Those who wish to make themselves familiar with the details of the combined Australian military and naval expedition would do well to read

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an interesting little book written by the "Special Commissioner to the *Sydney Morning Herald*," entitled *Australia versus Germany*. The title of the book has a ring of boyish adventure, which is not belied by the letterpress. What could be more delightful than the anecdote of the burly citizen soldier on sentry duty firmly refusing to allow the executive officer of the transport to mount upon his own poop-deck until he could present an order from the adjutant? Two sentries at Rabaul surpassed even this. A visit was expected from Admiral Hugent, of the *Montcalm*, and instructions were given to the sentries to "pass him through." The order was taken in a peculiar sense, for the indignant admiral arrived at the British Headquarters with all the paraphernalia of a prisoner of war, the sentries marching on either side with fixed bayonets. But even the admiral's indignation probably was surpassed by that of a certain august personage in Sydney who told his "batman" to go down to the officers' mess—meaning, of course, that he should wait upon him there. The "batman," good honest fellow, who until a few days previous was in all probability a civilian accustomed to the ready hospitality of the bush, accepted the instruction as an informal invitation to lunch. He was discovered seated in a corner

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enjoying a hearty meal, and waited upon by two stewards, who saw nothing incongruous in the supposed invitation of the august personage. The *contretemps* closed in peals of laughter. These incidents are not without importance as illustrative of the soul of the Australian soldier. A certain light-hearted boyish simplicity is characteristic of the new army. It is accentuated among Australian soldiers, and it endears them to those who, like myself, have had the honour of serving with them.

The landing of the Australians upon the Gallipoli beaches impressed the imagination of the Empire. The same dauntless, irrepressible courage shown over and over again since was displayed, though not in such a terrific fashion, in the South Seas. On the occasion of a skirmishing advance into the forest country behind Herbertshohe a detachment fell upon a German ambush. Before the officers could give an order the "column" had effaced itself in the surrounding jungle! From a military point of view this may have been all wrong. A similar capacity for acting in corporate initiative led to one magnificent charge on the Turks, a charge paid for in a bloody fashion when the time for retiring arrived. Yet both events show the fine material to be found in an

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Australian citizen army. Another incident suggests the same conclusion. The men from the destroyers, to their great joy, were required for action, but the supply of rifles was too small—another suggestive fact. Every available man insisted upon going armed with whatever weapon he could lay his hands upon. Even the ship's butcher, his apron still tied to his waist, and with a formidable cleaver in his hand, marched off with the rest, grinning with delight at the prospect of "having a go at the Germans." This is not the warfare of the trenches. Nor is it a Homeric encounter of great heroes. It has a brave boyish flavour that would have captivated the one man capable of telling the story with a full understanding—Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

The *Australia* and her satellites—the destroyers without which no ship of war ventures upon the great deep in time of war—very early on visited Rabaul in the vain hope of finding the *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* there, but with deliberate intention of destroying the wireless telegraphic station. Mr. Burnell tells this story of the latter exploit very well and with considerable humour. The officer in charge of a landing party from one of the destroyers went into the post and telegraph office. He was met by a bland German in spot-

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less ducks who gaped at the intruder with an expression of innocent inquiry. The postmaster looked at the lieutenant, and the lieutenant looked at the postmaster. Each appeared to experience a certain temporary embarrassment. Said the lieutenant :

“ Er—good morning.”

“ Good morning,” replied the official in English.

“ You see, we’re here,” continued the lieutenant with the banality of the entirely obvious.

“ I had already perceived the fact,” returned the other drily.

“ Well,” said the lieutenant, “ I’m sorry, but we’ll have to break your place up a little bit.”

“ Not at all,” magnanimously retorted the philosopher behind the counter. “ May I offer you a glass of beer ? ”

The German postmaster came out of the matter very well. We can imagine an Englishman acting similarly if the position had been reversed. But would it have been possible for a German officer to have comported himself as diffidently as did this young lieutenant ? He behaved like a boy—a nice boy.

Some little surprise was expressed at an inclination shown generally in Australia to *fête* the captain of the *Emden*, and other early prisoners

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of war. It was a generous impulse, and if it has died away only Germans themselves are to blame. After the capitulation of Kaiser Wilhelm Land and the Bismarck Archipelago the German officers seem to have been admitted into mess without reserve, and one may be sure with warm-hearted kindness. The German troops, white and black, were received with admiration of their soldier-like appearance. To one observer they appeared to show "no signs of defeat. Neat, well armed, jaunty of bearing, they might have marched into Herbertshohe as victors instead of as prisoners." The Germans themselves complained that their Papuan troops had "no stomach to fight." It is more likely they had no stomach for German methods of military training and discipline. The Papuan, as everyone who knows him is well aware, is a dangerous enemy, but his methods of warfare are not suitable to any frontal method of attack. He prefers to stalk his enemy, preferably from behind. But another fact bulks larger still. With a few notable exceptions, the Germans have never succeeded in attaching native races to their rule. So far as New Guinea is concerned, the English were the first on the field, and English influence always has been paramount. It will surprise some to learn that the Germans in these islands

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have been obliged to speak to their Papuan subjects in Pidgeon English. Pidgeon English is the most hideous form our language has ever taken, but, as I have had opportunity of verifying, the necessity for using it was regarded as one of the humiliating wrongs that have inflamed the German mind.

The proclamation that New Britain—mark the welcome return to old phraseology—was occupied in the name of King George is a dignified statement *in English*. The proclamation read to the Papuan natives is perhaps the most surprising document ever issued in the name of His Gracious Majesty. It runs as follows :

“ All boys belongina all place, you savvy big feller Master. He come now. He new feller Master. He strong feller too much. . . . You look him new feller flag. You savvy him. He belong British, English. He more better than other feller. . . . British, English, new feller Master, he like him black feller man too much. He like you all the same you picaniny alonga him. You got black feller Master belonga you. You look alonga him. He all the same Police Master. He look out place alonga you. You no fight other feller black man other feller place. You no Kai Kai man (*Anglice*, eat anyone belonging to

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another island). You no steal Mary belongina other feller man. Me finish talk alonga you now.”

This enlightening proclamation reveals, *inter alia*, a rather fine characteristic of Australian occupation which cannot be better expressed than in the words of the first administrator, who was the Commanding Officer of the expeditionary force. Brigadier Holmes, in private conversation, remarked : “ I have continually borne in mind that this is not a filibustering expedition. We have not come to these islands to burn and to destroy, or to levy an indemnity before sailing away. We have come here to occupy and to hold the country for Great Britain. My aim has always been to carry on things here with as little disruption as possible ; to maintain prevailing laws, customs, and routine, as much as is consistent with the change of government ; and to do everything that can be done for the advancement and prosperity of our new possessions.”

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND IN AUSTRALIA

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN AUSTRALIA

THE foundation in Australia of a great institution like the Church of England should be of considerable interest to all who are concerned with the development of the Empire. Its parishes form a vast network, covering the whole of the Southern Continent. Its membership includes, if not the majority of Australian citizens, at any rate a very large proportion of those citizens.

Mr. Louis Becke once said that the true founder of Australia was Admiral Phillip, and that he and the officers of the First Fleet ought to be remembered with something of the same admiration felt for the sturdy Puritan adventurers who founded the American colony. The despatch of the First Fleet was due to the enthusiastic representations of Captain Cook. In this large sunny land of the South the great explorer saw infinite possibilities of colonisation and expansion. At the first it was hoped to compensate by grants of land those loyalist farmers in America who at the conclusion of the War of Independence suffered for their

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loyalty. The history of Australia would indeed have been different if this scheme had been carried into effect. But Mr. Pitt had to deal at the time with another difficulty—namely, that of disposing of the criminal population which previous to the war had been sent to the Virginian plantations. It is unnecessary now to discuss the rights and wrongs of transportation. We have the sad evidence of experience to guide us in our judgment, but it must not be forgotten that the verdict of public opinion at the time was favourable, not altogether from selfish reasons. It was honestly believed that the unhappy convicts would be reformed by industry in a new land far from the surroundings of their crime. The convicts themselves believed the same thing, and, putting aside for a moment the squalid tyranny of which novelists have made so much, it must be allowed that this belief, to some extent, was justified by results.

The ecclesiastical history of Australia also was commenced with the arrival of the First Fleet. The first Christian service of which there is any record was held by the Church of England chaplain who accompanied the First Fleet in 1787. The presence of a chaplain is said to have been an afterthought on the part of the authorities. This is not surprising. No chaplain had ever accom-

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panied the smaller bands of convicts to the American plantations, and there was no official reason why one should be sent with the large company of a thousand souls on the point of sailing for Australia. That one was appointed at the eleventh hour was largely due to the representations of Mr. William Wilberforce, without whose aid it would have been difficult for the authorities to have found a capable clergyman willing to expatriate himself. It is not easy now to find a capable clergyman earnest enough to leave England to work in Australia. It must have been infinitely more difficult to find one in 1787; but in the end the Rev. Richard Johnson, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, presented himself, and was duly appointed by the king.

Mr. Johnson was a friend of Mr. Simeon, a member of the Eclectic Society, and was, therefore, presumably, a marked Low Churchman. One of his bitterest opponents, Major Grose, dubbed him a "Methodist"; but it must not be forgotten that in those days Methodism was largely a spiritual movement among earnest-minded men in full communion with the Church of England. So the Rev. Richard Johnson remained faithful to the Church of his fathers until the day of his death. After leaving New South Wales he became

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the rector of a London city parish, and his monument, rendered almost illegible by London smoke, records that for seventeen years there "he faithfully preached Christ and Him crucified." He must, indeed, have had a very real faith in God, a very real sense of duty, and a very brave heart to have accepted the post of Chaplain of the First Fleet. He certainly did not accept it for the sake of pay. His stipend was £182 per annum, and was often insufficient to provide his food. That he knew hardships were before him cannot be doubted, for his friend, John Newton, warned him: "If Jesus should honour you with the crown of martyrdom it will not be strange." It is the custom of many to speak slightingly of the First Fleet Chaplain, and to compare him unfavourably with his redoubtable successor, Samuel Marsden. The fact remains that a sensitive, cultured, not over-strong man, inspired by most unselfish motives, left England to accompany an expedition of convicts to an unknown country. Although he lacked self-assertion, and grew despondent under difficulties, he stayed at his post for thirteen years. He was devoted to his work, and to the interests of his unhappy and disappointing parishioners, gaining their respect to a remarkable degree. There was a story told in the *Reviews* at the end of the

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eighteenth century which is worth repeating. Some unhappy convicts who had escaped from Port Jackson in an open boat were questioned as to what kind of a chaplain they had at the colony. They replied with something like awe in their voices that they “did not believe that there was so good a man beside in the world.”

The First Fleet landed in Sydney Cove at sundown on Saturday, the 26th of January 1788. The official and formal inauguration of the Government did not take place until the 7th of February, but on the night of landing a space was cleared in the bush near Sydney Cove, the Union flag was hoisted, the warships fired three royal salutes, and King George's health was pledged in the usual fashion. It has been noticed with regret that neither on the day of landing, nor yet on inauguration day, was the name of Almighty God invoked. It is useless seeking for the reason of this omission, but the second day was Sunday, and Captain Trench, of the Marines, wrote: “On the first Sunday after our landing Divine service was performed under a great tree by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, chaplain of the settlement, in the presence of the troops and convicts, whose behaviour on the occasion was equally regular and attentive.” This is the first record of a Christian service in Australia,

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and it is stirring to remember that it would be performed in the sublime words of our English Liturgy. It could be wished that the record had been fuller, for that service was the setting of a small stock which was to grow and expand into a great tree, throwing wide its branches and yielding fruit on every side.

The Church of England, therefore, was planted in Australia in 1788 under that large tree by Sydney Cove. For some years the same tree was the only church in Australia. On sunny days its foliage afforded ample protection from the heat, but that protection was insufficient during the high winds and rain of winter. Then the congregation was taken to a disused, evil-smelling boat-house on the strand—a building described at the time as not being fit for a stable or cow-house. The officers of a Spanish man-of-war paying a visit to the Colony in the month of January 1793 were horrified at the carelessness of the authorities about the place of Divine service. One of them said, truly enough, that if the place had been settled by his countrymen a house of God would have been built before any house of man. The chaplain had frequently pleaded with the Governor for the erection of a church, but had always been met with the same excuse of “scarcity

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of labour." A building intended for a church was erected in 1792, but never used for that purpose. Civil needs were more urgently pressed, and the building became first a lock-up and then a granary. At last, in desperation, the chaplain set to work himself to build at his own cost a "wattle and daub" edifice which was the first church in Australia. Five years later that rude church was burnt to the ground, probably by some evil-disposed convicts who thought that they would thus escape from church parade. For it must not be forgotten that the policy of the Government was to make church attendance a Sunday roll-call. The Port Jackson convicts were never, as in Norfolk Island, marched in chains to public worship, but they were fined two pounds of flour for non-attendance, while it was said that the civil and military authorities never dreamed of voluntarily attending religious ministrations. This disinclination to go to church may probably have proceeded quite as much from the notorious intemperance and the lax morality of those early days as from indifference to religion. Studied hypocrisy was not the vice of the period. But, whatever may have been the cause, things seem to have gone from bad to worse, for in 1825 the Sydney congregations had dwindled down to handfuls. Sir Thomas Darling

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then made an attempt to remedy the abuse by announcing his intention to go regularly to church, and his desire that his subordinates and the public should follow his example. It must not be thought, however, that the services under the gum-tree, in the boat-house, and later in the "wattle and daub" church were lost labour. The dynamic power of prayer and praise can never be satisfactorily computed; but patient devotion to duty had its effect, even though the First Fleet Chaplain saw no more than the foundation laid of the Church he loved so well.

It is, moreover, a mistake to attempt to measure the strength and influence of the Church simply by church attendance. For instance, the Church of England has always taken the lead in education, and, true to that tradition, the Rev. Richard Johnson was the father of education in Australia. The first Australian day school was held in his "wattle and daub" church. The first Australian school teachers were appointed and paid by that noble organisation of the Church—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The first orphanage in Australia was built largely through the instrumentality of the chaplain. We know now that he was a fearless and constant preacher against drunkenness, that he was a friend of the

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unhappy aborigines, and a protector of the yet more unhappy women convicts who at the first were thrust into the wilderness without common provision for decency, let alone morality. Although it was reserved for his successor to effect more reforms, Richard Johnson must be regarded not only as the first, but as a worthy representative of the Church of England in Australia.

It would be absurd to speak as though the national development of Australia can be identified with any religious body. It would be equally absurd to deny the important part that religion takes in the development of any people. There is a power, often unrecognised, which is making for the true prosperity of every Christian nation, and that power is righteousness. To promote righteousness, and to promote it in the fear of God, is the true ideal for the Church of England. If the Church has not always taken a prominent part in national affairs, may it not be urged that it is a better thing to inspire individual citizens with high ideals than to become a political organisation, even for righteous ends? There have been, for instance, in Australia, as in England, many laymen prominent in State affairs, and characteristically reticent in matters concerning their personal religion, who have yet gained their high

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sense of duty to their country from the Church Catechism, which has probably done more in this respect for the English-speaking people than any book written during the last three hundred years. An inspired Hebrew prophet, with his eagle glance into the future, cried as the spokesman of Jehovah, "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem; they shall never hold their peace day or night." And then, speaking as a man to men: "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest, give Him no rest, till He stablish, till He make Jerusalem a praise on earth." God has indeed set His watchmen in Australia. It is no longer now the solitary chaplain's voice crying in the wilderness. The Lord's remembrancers have been multiplied exceedingly, but how much more exceedingly would they be multiplied if all the brethren of the Church would accept the urgent call to themselves to take no rest in promoting righteousness—to give God no rest in their prayers and intercessions? Then, indeed, the Australian Commonwealth would become firmly established, and the "Household of Faith" remain a praise upon earth.

THE LIFE OF A BUSH BISHOP

“ We would every deed
Perform at once as grandly as it shews
After long years . . .
It sounds so lovely what our fathers did
.
And what we do, is, as it was to them,
Toilsome and incomplete.”

—GOETHE'S *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

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FROM one point of view the life of a bishop in England and the life of a bishop in the bush are very much alike. The duties are similar. The difficulties differ more in form than in substance. Human nature is the same everywhere. So, whatever variation there may be it comes from the fact that England is a settled country, where development is necessarily slow, while the "bush" is in process of transition, and is therefore unconventional.

When, in 1902, I was elected Bishop of North Queensland, a diocese larger in area than all the British Isles, I found the whole of the territory staggering under a prolonged drought of many years. The drought concluded the following year with an equally staggering cyclone that devastated Townsville and the neighbourhood. Then followed the rains, the good years, and concomitantly a rapid development that taxed every nerve to enable the Church to keep even moderate pace with its duty towards the increasing population. The sheep and cattle multiplied exceed-

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ingly, and replenished the deserted plains. The railways began to throw out their thin tendrils farther and yet farther west. The mining camps sprang up like mushrooms in the night, and subsequently became untidy townships with high-sounding names or else disappeared as quickly as they arose. The aborigines, heavily stricken like animals in the bush by the drought, began to disappear yet more rapidly. The Melanesian labourers on the coast were repatriated to make room for the uncertain work of the white man. The big sugar plantations gave place to hundreds of sugar farms clustered around "central mills." Travelling became easier. Bridges were thrown across rivers and creeks where the murderous alligator once lurked. Rough houses for the refreshment of travellers multiplied. These in their turn gave place, at least in the centres of population, for two-storied hotels of varying degrees of accommodation. The habit of taking one's blankets as a matter of course waned with the necessity for sleeping under a wide and starry sky. The "old hands," as the pioneers are called with an elusive suggestion of still older memories, disappeared one by one. In short, the eleven years following 1902 were a period of transition. If therefore some reader, who knows only the new

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North Queensland, may feel inclined to smile at difficulties now non-existent, or to dispute the conditions of life in the places mentioned herein, let him consider that there may have been days when the tracks were not even blazed, and when the whole land so lonely was that GOD Himself scarce seemed there to be.

During the years immediately preceding the great drought there had been very considerable occupation of land in North Queensland. Stations had been taken up. Mines had been developed. Tiny townships had sprung up. In some cases the stations and mines were abandoned and the townships became ghosts of themselves. During this period the settlers endured hardships with a fortitude that I have never seen equalled in any part of the world. It was my task to organise religious ministrations for these people, and no one knows better than I do that whatever hardships I, and the clergy who shared the work with me, underwent, they were small in comparison with those that were accepted cheerfully and as a matter of course by the whole population. Even when things began to mend hardships did not disappear at once, nor have they disappeared altogether yet. The territory of the British Empire may have spread to some degree by accident. It

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has not been settled in Australia without sacrifices gallantly made.

During the winter of 1910 I went a visitation of some three or four hundred miles among the mining camps in the Cloncurry district. I instance this particular journey because I happen to have some notes of two or three commonplace incidents that seem to me illustrative of the life of a Bush Bishop. The first incident was connected with a boundary rider's hut somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Florence River. It is not often that these solitary wardens of the marches of the sheep and cattle stations are married. This one was, and before he arrived upon the scene his wife proudly remarked that she was "wedded on an English minister's son"—thereby revealing her own nationality. Her man, who beneath his rough exterior showed unmistakable signs of being an old public school boy, arrived later. After the refreshing ceremony of "having a cup of tea" had been completed, I asked if they would like me to "say a word of prayer" with them. This simple service is never asked from the travelling cleric, but it is always expected where the nearest church may be hundreds of miles away. The hot afternoon sun slanted fiercely into the corrugated iron room. It fell upon the rugged

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figures of the man and his wife as they knelt by my side. How could I have failed to pray that the Sun of Righteousness would shine upon these solitary dwellers in the bush to "comfort them in their hours of sorrow and loneliness, to strengthen them in all goodness, and to preserve them from the domination of evil"? "It will make my old mother happy when I tell her this," remarked the man. And then he spoke of his father's church in England, of his school, of his Confirmation, of the many things of which such a man seldom speaks because the English are shy folk, and reluctant in showing their hearts to another. His wife said nothing, but I saw a tear in her keen blue eyes as we shook hands. My own hand felt soft in hers, hardened by constant toil—a toil that is the common lot of all women who follow their men into the bush. Then I drove away through the lengthening shadows of the gum-trees, in the rich orange light of a tropic evening, a light which makes the bush, dreary enough at high day, one of the most beautiful places in the world.

The second incident is connected with Mount Eliot, at the time in process of rapid transition from a mining camp to a mining township. The smelters had been built. That is a milestone all

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miners recognise in the way of development. Two-storied wooden hotels had been erected, principally for the comfort of those petrels of progress, commercial travellers. There were a few wooden stores. There was a wooden State school in process of erection, and a few wooden dwelling-houses. But the town dwelt in tents, or in strange edifices composed of corrugated iron, sackcloths, and boughs of gum-trees, to which the leaves hold tenaciously in life and death. There was no church, but previous to my arrival the loving hands of a few women changed a little building into some sort of semblance of a House of God. The building was a newly erected dormitory in connection with a boarding-house for miners, but in it never man had then slept. The walls were of hessian stretched tightly over a rough-hewn framework. The roof was of corrugated iron. The floor was the hillside roughly smoothed. There were no windows, for the walls were translucent. A sack stretched across the doorway was counted a sufficient concession to any desire for privacy, but whoever used such a dormitory at night would need to beware of lamp or candle, unless he heeded not his schoolboy memories of a shadow pantomime. Not that the improvised church was an ornate success. The ground was

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hidden by sacks. Three rough benches, seats for boarders, were the pews. The Holy Table, made of a packing-case on end, was covered with a clean white counterpane. A spotless napkin pinned to the hessian had a suggestion of a reredos, but it was intended to bar, if but a little, the dazzling rays of the early morning sun. Utility, not art, is the prevailing motive of all builders of the bush. The Upper Room at Jerusalem could not have been more simply furnished than this place where we gathered together shortly before daybreak for the Breaking of Bread. And yet there was a feeling of the Presence only too often lacking in many more perfect surroundings !

The third incident is connected with an altogether new mining camp called "The Duchess," not after any scion of royalty, but because the one woman in the camp, when it was first formed, held herself haughtily in the presence of all men. She was a black. Ours was the first service held in the camp, and it was held in a blacksmith's primitive shop. The anvil was the prayer-desk. The seats were planks resting on oil drums. As the night was cold the smith heaped up a large fire, which he kept red and glowing with a disconcertingly noisy pair of bellows. This his service was done partly for the sake of heat, partly to

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give light, although there was a flarer or two. Practically the whole camp came to church, and no preacher ever spoke to a more attentive congregation or heard more congregational singing. We sang the old hymns which all knew by heart, and our voices, unhampered by choir or organ, echoed in the silent bush. There were no other human beings in all probability for a score of miles around. The flickering flares and the dancing glow of the forge threw dark Rembrandt shadows upon the bearded faces of the men, and the hollow cheeks of the few brown-faced women. It was a scene not easy to forget. It was a service long to be remembered. Now "The Duchess," if it has not "petered out" nor changed its name, will be served by the Bush Brothers. These latter-day representatives of the Celtic missionaries spread their nets far and wide. Their task is hard, but it is not so titanic as it appeared less than ten years ago.

Making of churches, temporary and permanent, is part of the day's work in the life of a Bush Bishop. Some of the temporary churches in North Queensland were indeed quaint. One was the iron dancing-hall of an equally primitive hotel. The township evidently rose to dramatic endeavours, for there was a drop scene which lent

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itself to the new rôle of altar curtains. Above this unconventional dossal was inscribed, in the huge characters associated with Christmas decorations, this equally unexpected legend: "The Central for Comfort, Civility, and Cleanliness." The room was the only one suitable for the first Confirmation in the township, and it was freely offered for the purpose by the publican, who voluntarily closed his bar during "churchtime" as his act of service. The majority of the congregation preferred to stay outside. They were quiet and attentive, although clouds of the strongest and blackest tobacco in the world blew across to my episcopal throne—a rocking-chair! The next morning I celebrated the Holy Communion in the small wooden police-court. The fine old church of San Ambrogio in Milan carries to-day a suggestion of the Roman law-court. There was no gorgeous altar in the Queensland counterpart. The Elements were blessed upon a little table made specially for the purpose by a devout Scottish carpenter. It was covered by an hotel tablecloth, clean but not of fair linen. The bar upon which prisoners usually leaned was moved and formed appropriate rails for the rough altar.

A few weeks later I officiated in another, and if the truth be told, a much pleasanter church. It

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was a disused butcher's shop in a depressed gold-mining camp honoured but not rejoicing in the name Donnybrook. The shop, for business reasons, had latticed walls to ensure coolness within. A gigantic tree stump had been placed in the centre of the shop as a butcher's block. This formed a reading desk, and around it knelt the two or three who had gathered together.

The people in the bush are usually willing enough to build permanent churches. Their difficulty is to pay for them. At one tiny sugar settlement, called Dowse Creek, where the timber happened to be plentiful, the difficulty became critical over a matter of some nails. The farmers cut the trees, carted the timber, sawed planks, but they were stayed over the nails, which they had not the wherewithal to buy. In these parts money was a rare commodity except once a year in the crushing season. However the difficulty was surmounted, and I remember that the parson who had the honour of putting in the last nail suffered to a highly embarrassing extent in an important garment through the penultimate nail not being driven fully home.

On another occasion, however, the will to build had been depressed by many adverse circumstances. At a Confirmation service held in a

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building obviously unfitted for a stable, I confessed myself tired to death by the grown-up people, and their Spartan deliberation, and I asked, Were there not some young folk who would build the church ? The congregation smiled, but a month later two girls went to the miners, who can refuse nothing to a girl. Sufficient money was collected to buy the material, but not nearly enough to pay for labour. Then two boys—one was sixteen and the other fourteen—came to me by night as I was passing through the township. They were the sons of a carpenter, and had helped their father from the day when they were old enough to be trusted with a hammer. They would use my plans and specifications. They would work to my satisfaction, or to the satisfaction of the parson, himself a practical housebuilder. But, this was their stipulation, they would work “on their own,” without “any man wanting to help them.” Their offer and stipulation were accepted. Now Mareeba has passed out of its days of despondency. It is a prosperous town at the top of the ranges, although the gold mines have “petered out.” There the townfolk show with pride a wooden church “built by two boys, sir, without a man to help them.”

It would be a monstrous exaggeration to give

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any idea that the men on the outskirts of civilisation are much more ready to welcome the ministrations of religion, at least as a permanent experience, than are corresponding classes in the old country. Shearing sheds, for instance, are a great ordeal to bishop, priest, or deacon. The opportunities there may be great, but the possibilities of failure are certainly not less large. The shearers, and the "rouseabouts" who do the less skilled labour connected with the sheep, are often bitterly antagonistic to one another although their interests are identical. They have separate quarters, separate dining-rooms, separate organisations, but they are all amazingly touchy folk, and they are not by nature inclined to be in love either with churches or clergy. Herded together as they are, albeit in two bands, they are in abject terror of doing anything that may incur ridicule upon them individually. Work under such circumstances and among such men could not be easy anywhere. It is very difficult in North Queensland. One of the most successful men with shearers was a Bush Brother in the Rockhampton Diocese, called Hulton Sams. He was an extremely good boxer, and he carried with him on his saddle-bow a pair of boxing-gloves. Even the most sensitive shearer or rouseabout felt that no ridicule could possibly

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accrue from listening to the gospel as it was preached by such a sporting "Reverend Gentleman." Mr. Sams' method was to attend to his own business first, and then offer to take on any member of his congregation that "wanted a contract"—an Australian colloquialism implying a difficult task. Mr. Sams, with characteristic impetuosity, enlisted, when no chaplain's post was open to him, in the Australian Expeditionary Force. He subsequently was given a commission, and was killed in Flanders. It will be safe to say that he will not lightly be forgotten by the rough men among whom he was a consistent witness of Him Who said, "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Another successful man among the shearers was a chaplain of my own. He is now vicar of Mid-somer Norton, hard at work among colliers, whom he regards as the finest specimens of their class. He had been a captain in the Welsh Fusiliers, and he knew how to handle men. In a letter written to me in 1906 he tells, with not a little characteristic humour, the story of two successes and a failure at some "shearings."

"At the first I arrived on a Saturday. I visited the shed and chatted with the men as occasion offered. I consulted the chairman of shearers and

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rouseabouts and, on their advice, gave notice that service would be held on the Sunday afternoon in the shed at 3 P.M. The shed was (as usual) some miles from the homestead. Driving down on Sunday afternoon with the manager I found not a soul there. My heart dropped into my boots. However, I went over to the rouseabouts' quarters (shed lined with ship's bunks). 'Say, aren't you coming to the service?' No answer. 'Look here, I'm a new chum parson, and want backing up; this is my first shearing.' A voice from the gloom: 'We're not toggled up.' 'Oh, come in your trousers. You know that's all I want.' 'All right, parson, we'll come.' And out they trooped with a laugh at such an unconventional invitation to go to church. Then I went for the shearers, and much the same dialogue ensued. But, lo! when they and I reached the shed the rouseabouts had fled. I was seized with an inspiration. I picked out two giants from the shearers and posted them—to their huge delight—at the doors. 'Look here,' I said, 'you are to be just valves, letting all in but none out.' Then I went for the truant rouseabouts and fetched them over, grinning. They sat on the ubiquitous wool bales, and service began. I never had a more reverent and attentive congregation. I spoke to

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them in their own language of the Way of Life and the way of death, with many a concrete example, not forgetting the bearing of Christ upon their own daily experience. And after service I found their shyness gone, and they told me things whereat I marvel yet.

“The second shearing was a dismal failure, the more remarkable because the station manager was a real saint, and backed me up well. It was a week-day. I spent all the afternoon chatting to everyone. Then I gave a personal invitation to each man to come to service that night. But at service hour there were only eight out of fifty. I found the rest playing cards and other games: they would not budge. Somebody must have been working against me, or I must have expressed an unfortunate opinion to someone of note among them.

“The third shearing I reached only two days later. I changed my plan. I chatted to all, but only on general topics. Then I selected six men engaged on six separate branches of work, and I committed to them the sole responsibility of gathering the congregation. Result: I do not think there were three men absent. It was a weirdly impressive sight. A very long, dark shed, lined on either side with bunks. Down the centre a prodigiously long table lighted by tins of fat,

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floating wicks. I stood at one end gazing down the avenue of flickering lights upon the rough faces. It was an avenue which faded smokily into distance—at the end the faces were lost to sight.”

Travelling by sea was unavoidable in North Queensland. As time passed by the size of the steamers increased, and travelling became a pleasure, at least where the huge interstatal boats could be used. It was not always thus. Can I ever forget the many awful slow-passing hours that I have spent tossing about off Flat-top Island, wearying in the sweltering heat for some long-delayed steamer from the south? One of the most unstable tenders there possessed the very misleading name *Iceberg*. It was once too rough to tranship either cargo or passengers, but at my earnest request I was sent flying into the air over the angry waters in what sailors call a parachute. Unlike the aeronautic variety this one is like an umbrella turned upside down, with a running rope instead of a stick. Those who have never experienced this method of transhipment cannot understand how shrewd and uncompromising the deck of a steamer rising in the trough of the sea may become!

Can I ever forget a voyage in the *Francis Pritt*—ketch? The Bishop of Carpentaria and I at the

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time were busy with new aboriginal mission reserves. We left Burketown Bar with a crew consisting of a Fijian skipper, two aborigines, two Kanakas, and a little sturdy man from Achin, who spat noisily at the name of Holland and the Dutch. That night we were driven before a fierce gale and found ourselves two days later somewhere under Mornington Island with a lost log, a jammed compass, and a chart dated 1802 ! Heavens, how sick I was ! And how uncompromising is a heavy rifle as a bunk companion in a storm ; and how it hurts to be bucked out of one's bunk under the cabin table ! We reached Thursday Island, some 600 miles away, about three weeks later, dirty, unshaven, and hungry, to find to our disgust that we were thought to be taking a prolonged holiday.

The Gulf of Carpentaria, with shallow bottom and sandy shores, is always more or less stormy. The east coast of Queensland has a peaceful winter and a tempestuous summer. It is in the cyclonic area. The Queensland custom was to name the hurricanes. The worst one that ever came in a day's work for me was called "Leonta." It took place on 9th March 1903, and though it synchronised with the break of the drought, it devastated the coast from Townsville to the Burdekin. At the end of that working day there was only one

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church standing within a radius of fifty miles. The cathedral was unroofed. And probably fifty per cent. of all the other buildings were injured or destroyed.

Joseph Conrad is the only writer who can do justice to a cyclone, or typhoon as a circular storm is called in the China seas—the appalling noise, the terrific force of the wind, the funk it engenders in the bravest heart, the deadly stillness of the vortex, and the suddenness with which the storm breaks out afresh. More than in most things, it needs experience to understand. The first intimation of the force of the wind I had was the sight of my groom's cottage roof rising bodily into the air like a grotesque bird, and settling again to roost upon a neighbour's coach-house. The coach-house collapsed like a castle of cards, and the spectacle must have touched some primitive spring of humour, for I laughed until my eyes ran with tears. The laughter was evanescent, as the storm gathered force every minute. House after house on an adjacent hill broke up and was carried away over the cliffs towards the sea. The velocity of the wind and the truculency of its machinations were alike astounding. Large beams of wood torn from the roof of the cathedral, and whole trees, rooted from the

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ground, were tossed about like playthings. Sheets of iron, sometimes fastened together by fours and fives, were whirled in the air like scraps of paper, or swept over the face of the ground like monstrous missiles conceived by superhuman devilry. At one hour of the day I was anxious about a Church school for girls close by, and left cover. I lay under a curbstone in the open road simply sweating with apprehension, as these uncouth harbingers of death gyrated around me as in a mad dance. I can quite understand how men may be more afraid of a dirty kind of death than they are of death itself. The sheets of iron twisted themselves around trees, rocks, and even round the strands of the wire fences.

Perhaps the most surprising examples of the power of the wind were the iron telegraph poles bent in hundreds until the wires they carried rested upon the ground. A yet more intimate experience of the velocity of winds came our way. Although other houses were treated roughly we did not realise that a similar fate was awaiting the sub-deanery, a large, strong, wooden building that had weathered several cyclones. At noon the building gave way without warning. It fell from the stumps upon which it had been raised some feet from the ground, and falling "opened out

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like a flower." Then it began to disappear, and the inhabitants thereof took shelter under a huge clump of bamboos which was spared in the vagaries of the storm. Stone and brick houses fell even more completely, and when they fell they involved those within in a common death.

As its name indicates, a cyclone is a magnified whirlwind which has a motion forward as a whole in addition to the circular motion within itself. It suggests a huge circular steel spring unfolding itself with swiftness and deliberation. The more the spring expands the less is its centrifugal power. The cyclones of the tropics and the cyclonic disturbances of more temperate regions may be the same storms, but the conditions are entirely different. One fact which I have never seen mentioned has struck me in "Leonta" and in other cyclones. The large body of the storm contains within it something like smaller cyclones. At anyrate there are violent currents of wind that move in what appear to be almost concentric circles. This can be seen by watching the course of a storm from a hill as it strikes a town below. The damage done is surprisingly unequal. Of two houses practically identical in construction, and standing side by side, one will be taken and the other left. In two adjoining houses the corner of

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one would be cut off as by a knife, while the other would lose every outbuilding and yet escape itself. The town on the day following looked like a place that had been badly used in time of war.

The sea directly opposite Townsville only goes out a few feet from the shore at low tide. During "Leonta" it was driven out so far that mobs of frightened horses retreated before the wind, and could be seen wading quite a quarter of a mile from the shore in what is normally deep water. Many were drowned, after the vortex had arrived, when the prisoned waters rolled back to flood the country for miles inland. The bay was full of waterspouts dancing hither and thither in strange groups, sometimes mingling and falling together with an effect not unlike the splash of a huge shell as seen from the land. Other effects of the cyclone stand out clearly in my memory. The trees were stripped bare by the wind. The tops never lived again. They were as dead as if they had been scorched by a bush fire. Possibly the wind whipped away the sap. The leaves were beaten into the dry paint on the walls of the wooden houses. If the door of a wooden house was opened the wind filled the house and burst it. Then the end of that house had come. The noise was appalling. It reminded me of nothing so much as the dropping

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of thousands of anchors. The rain whipped the face and hands like a lash.

It would be easy to write of other cyclones, of floods, and of fires—all these things frame the life of a **Bush Bishop**, at least in the Australian tropics, but this chapter would grow then to an inordinate length. It must end, but is it altogether surprising that I prepare to lay down my pen, as I prepared to lay aside my bishop's task (because I could no longer live in the tropics), with sorrow? This one thing I know. I found it difficult to say farewell to those who, for a decade, had borne with me the burthen and exceeding heat of the day. During that time we seemed to ourselves to be engaged in a series of "forlorn hopes," and never to come within reasonable distance of success. What could ten, or twenty, men do in a country larger than the British Isles? We were poor and we were overworked. We saw our churches destroyed by cyclones and our congregations ruined by droughts. The forces of materialism, irreligion, and lust bulked big at all times. And yet we were as cheerful as the soldiers from England and Australia appear to be under far more trying circumstances in France and Turkey. We were able to laugh at ourselves!

SOME HUMOURS IN A COLONIAL
BISHOP'S LIFE

“ But as one half hearing
 An old time refrain,
With memory clearing
 Recalls it again,
These tales roughly wrought of
 The bush and its ways,
May call back a thought of
 The wandering days,
And, blending with each
 In the mem’ry’s throng,
There haply shall reach
 You some echo of song.”

—“ BANJO ” PATERSON.

SOME HUMOURS IN A COLONIAL BISHOP'S LIFE

CONDITIONS of life in Australia and America are productive of humorous situations, and there is no particular sanctity hedging a bishop in the public mind. "He's just an ordinary sort of bloke as wears a pink dickey," said a bushman, describing the writer to some friends. His quick eye, which received with photographic exactness and almost photographic quickness every detail of horse, harness, and buggy, had marked my purple stock. He saw nothing incongruous in the fact that I was as dirty and sweat-smeared as a town dustman; that, seated on the box of Cobb's coach, I was wrestling not very effectually with a hard-mouthed team of six horses; and that I was embarrassed, and obviously humiliated, by a whip with a lash twenty feet long. Whatever humour there was in the situation must be sought in the contrast between the dignified figure of a bishop in the public mind and the actualities of life. While the bishop's particular qualification as a humorist probably lies in the fact that, like the little girl condemned to stand silent in a corner,

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he must find solace for his isolation in "thinking funny thoughts."

It is impossible to resist the temptation of telling a story against my brother bishops in England and myself. Some years ago I met a youthful scion of the aristocracy travelling to gain "experience of Australian life" before he entered "the House." I pointed out to him the futility of thinking that he would gain much knowledge going from Government House to Government House, with occasional visits to show stations where the girls would wear Paris frocks and the men would organise polo matches in his honour. At the same time I invited him to accompany me on a trip I proposed taking to some mining camps in North Queensland. My invitation was accepted with almost indecent haste, and in due course my guest became as dust-grimed and cheerful withal as his companion. I hoped to make him see how strenuous is the life of a colonist in Tropical Australia, what hardships must be borne as a matter of course, and with what difficulty are won the jewels of an Empire's crown. On the whole I was pleased with my stage management. I was not surprised when my guest shook my hand warmly at a "way back" railway station, saying that he had learned a good deal. When he was

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silent for a while I thought he felt some glimmering consciousness of what the duty of the House of Lords was towards the brave men and women on England's outposts. But I was not prepared for the remark, made with great earnestness : " Don't you think it would be a good thing for English bishops if they worked in North Queensland for a bit ? " Yet are not sermons as a rule applied to other people ?

After my friend had returned to the coast and Government Houses I turned my face to a decadent mining camp—I mean decadent from a metalliferous point of view. The journey was dusty, hot, and sufficiently perilous to preclude monotony. A Roman priest, nervous at the accelerating pace of the buckboard in which he was travelling down a hill on the same road, is said to have exclaimed that he would give five pounds to be out of the buggy. " Keep your money in your pocket, Father. You'll be out for nothing," said the driver, and the driver was right. A tree was broken in the process of getting out, but whether by buckboard or priest history doth not narrate. A hungry-looking, expectant, wild dingo trotted close beside us going down the same hill—but neither can this incident be pressed too far. The good priest would have done better had he followed

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the example of the man who, not fancying either horses, hill, or driver, alighted at the top of the hill and remarked that he would rather be a "coward than a corpse any day." I too have lived in Arcady! Driving with a sugar-cane farmer near the coast one afternoon, the wheel of our buggy slipped over the side of a culvert hidden in the long, coarse grass, and, in far less time than it takes to write it, we found ourselves sitting beyond the wreckage on opposite sides of a fallen tree. For a moment speech failed us, but memory, which according to Locke is only a wind sweeping over a field of corn, reasserted itself in my companion. He remarked impressively: "I turned another bishop out here twenty years ago."

We held a service in the store of the mining camp. It was the only available room. Everyone came, and I should have been much better pleased if some had stayed away. Among them was a Scotch admirer who had come in from an outside "copper show" to support me. I think he came into the camp quite prepared for "a service," but during the day he made up his mind that my principal aim was to preside at a meeting to consider the erection of a hospital. Nothing could change his mind when once made up. It was suggested to me that it might be

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advantageous to put him out of the store before the service began. The suggestion did not commend itself to me. I knew my friend was a difficult man to put out, and even if he was put out he might be a bigger problem to manage outside than inside. "Give him a seat in front of me," I said, "where I can talk to him." And so the service began. It was of the simplest character. I stood, with my back to a wall, in grey flannels—some members of the congregation had remarked incidentally that a surplice reminded them unpleasantly of funerals—and I gave out a hymn. I remember it was the "Old Hundredth," and I precented it. I had barely got under way, however, when a great mountain of a man rose up before me and protested in a voice of thunder that "psalmody is a' richt in its ain place, but a hospital meeting is no time for roaring hymns." The position was critical, and it was no use speaking a "language not understood of the people." "Look here, Mac," I said quietly at the conclusion of the protest, "are you running this meeting or am I?" "I ken you're in the chair, Bishop," was the guarded reply. But I gave my "ruling," and the hymn was duly sung. It was followed by a simple prayer, another hymn, and then my sermon. Here I had Mac's unwavering support,

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growing in enthusiasm until he could sit no longer, and he rose once more offering "half a quid for that hospital." The offer was subsequently doubled in the same manner, and so the service passed.

Divine service may be a little trying to those who are blessed—or cursed—with a sense of humour. I remember taking one service in a practically deserted mining township where the congregation consisted of more dogs than human beings. I record with relief that they were peace-loving dogs. But during the consecration of a little wooden church elsewhere, a number of quarrelsome dogs had a general *mêlée* under the flooring beneath my seat. The male population hastily left the church, and, after many obviously bad shots, dislodged with stones the combatants, who fled howling. Once in the bush I held a service where there were only five in the congregation—myself, a deacon who was travelling with me, a talkative man with his silent wife, and a dour Chinaman. The church was a "bough-shed"—that was a building walled and ceiled with gum-tree branches. I gave out a hymn, and while I was searching in my inner consciousness for the opening note, the talkative man broke in. "It's no use your givin' out hymns, Bishop. I can't sing, and my wife's got no more voice nor an old crow."

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The outlook was not promising, but, like old Thomas Fuller, the good wife preferred chattering with the crows to being silent, and the Celestial showed himself infected by music if after a somewhat unconventional fashion. The result was not altogether unsuccessful. The singing was certainly hearty ! It is far more trying when the congregation remain severely and attentively silent. " You didn't render that sacred song at all badly, Mister," said one miner to a Bush Brother who had laboured through many verses painfully and alone.

If any member of a congregation in a mining camp has anything he wants to say during service he generally says it. " That's a lie," remarked one man cheerfully during a service at which I was speaking. He was not questioning my general veracity, but the accuracy of my information. A brother bishop, who was preaching somewhat at length, made a magnificent pause, the effect of which was somewhat marred by a tired voice remarking, " Ain't you spinnin' rather a long yarn to-night, Mister ? " But then a wearied member of the congregation in the bush has one consolation denied to his more conventional brother in England. He can always go outside for a smoke if he so desires it. And it was never disconcerting to me to know that outside the open windows I

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had a congregation whose presence could only be detected by the tiny intermittent flames of matches, and the constant aroma of tobacco. Sometimes there was low-voiced conversation on something I had said, but the general attention and courtesy were remarkable.

A Cambridge Don once asked me what style of church architecture we adopted in Tropical Australia. The question was a reasonable one, but the only answer possible was that I thought it was the "Noah's Ark" style. For truly our churches resemble nothing more than these children's toys—with their straight wooden walls, their acute-angled roofs, their crude colouring, and their general box-like appearance. There is a pathetic story of a Scotchman, condemned to live in a district where all the churches were like whitewashed barns, finding inspiration and satisfaction in the contemplation of one small flying buttress on his parish church. He took all his visiting friends to share with him the joy of seeing this belated sprig of Gothic architecture. They would probably feel as I did when some bushman descanted upon the perfections of his wooden church, or showed me some villainous attempt at mural decoration. I knew how much that tiny House of God meant where the whole world so

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lonely was that God Himself scarce seemeth there to be.

In North Queensland churches are few. Consequently I have ministered more frequently in shearing sheds with a wool bale for a pulpit—in butchers' shops where a huge tree-stump will serve alike for block and altar—in blacksmiths' forges with the anvil for reading-desk—in kitchens and in stores—under great trees and verandahs—on steamers and railway platforms—anywhere where two or three can be gathered together in Christ's name. I remember one Sunday afternoon I took a service in the corrugated-iron dancing-hall of a bush hotel. The hall had been used the previous evening for a pugilistic encounter. The publican had shown himself equally benevolent to both events. Both were calculated incidentally to improve his trade. He had advertised them on the same poster, which in its general arrangement ran, to the best of my memory, something like this :

Bob Sweeney *v.* Tom Smith.

Ten pounds prize.

Bishop Frodsham
will hold forth on Sunday afternoon.

ROLL UP, BOYS.

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At this service there was a self-constituted *cere-
moniarius* who, in a stentorian undertone gave
orders to the congregation—"Stand up, blokes,"
or "Sit down"—as the occasion appeared to him
necessary.

A very trying feature of a North Queensland
bishop's life is the constant succession of "con-
versaziones," as his local receptions are called. A
dance usually follows the official welcome, so the
forms are arranged round the room, leaving a
huge empty space in the centre. Accompanied
by the local clergyman and church officers the
bishop solemnly walks like a crab sideways round
the room shaking hands with those present. They
are chiefly women, girls, and small boys intent
upon cake, all of whom are obviously relieved
when the semi-crustacean procession has passed
them by. The men wisely remain outside the door
in clusters, smoking. After the speeches—what
British function is complete without a speech?—
the dancing commences. The younger men then
drift into the room, seize their respective partners,
gyrate more or less solemnly, and when the music
ceases incontinently fly outside to masculine pro-
tection and more tobacco. The hospitality is
usually most profuse, especially in the way of
cakes, sandwiches, and tea. Sometimes there is

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fruit, and incidentally some danger of embarrassment is thus caused. The first Bishop of North Queensland used to relate how in one mining camp he received in his hands a huge slice of luscious water-melon—a great delicacy in the bush. Before ever the segment of the globular fruit had touched his lips, the bishop was confronted by the same problem, in an aggravated form, which the cherry tart presented to Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse. What was he to do with the many large black seeds ? The official hostess saw his dilemma, and, with a true instinct of politeness, whispered in his ear, “ Spit ’em on the floor, my Lord.”

I have come to the conclusion that dances are among the best forms of popular amusement in the bush. They are well managed. They are popular. They inculcate, so far as I could see, habits of politeness and respect, and they are never-ending sources of pleasure. They are held on far more incongruous occasions than the yearly visit of a bishop to his people. Has death laid his hand upon the father of a family ? The ready sympathy of the community at once issues a subscription list for the widow, and then organises a subscription dance or a Nigger Minstrel show. This is a common occurrence ; but the most incongruous “ object ” of a charity dance I have

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ever known was the fencing-in of the cemetery in a certain small township. The particular effort was a mixed dance and concert. And the vocal part included two appropriate items: "Oh, dry those tears" and "See that my grave's kept green."

My associations with the Australian press were so close and so friendly, and they have left such frank feelings of admiration in my mind, that I feel I can recount one or two humorous incidents without fear of being misunderstood. Most public men have suffered from the vagaries of that much-abused man the compositor, but who, except myself, has had an "interview" pied with an advertisement of a patent medicine? The circumstances were as follows. I was engaged at the time in a very fierce contest over an aboriginal reserve with a certain Minister in the Queensland Government. I hope he can take now a more kindly view of my motives as I, after the passage of four years, find myself able to do for his. At an acute stage of the quarrel I was called down to Brisbane to take part in a deputation to the Premier upon the whole question of aboriginal reserves. On my return to the north the papers were eager for "copy," and it was in "making up" the paper containing an interview with me where the trouble

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arose. The astonished world next morning, after reading a lucid account of the constitution of the deputation, were confronted by the following astounding statement: "As to the meeting with the Minister, Bishop Frodsham stated that as it was of a private character he could not give details of the discussion. The Premier, of course, could do nothing in the Home or shocks from a battery. At night I might be reading in bed, and with the slightest movement the attack would come on, and there would be no more rest for me that night." Horrors then followed quick and fast! "The leg got shorter, and more shrunken than the other, and I never dared stretch it out straight. I would think something was gnawing at my flesh"—and so on until the appropriate climax was reached in the cost of the remedy, "The price is 2s. 9d. per box." It is true that the slip from the *oratio obliqua* to the *oratio recta* was a danger-signal, but some told me that they read to the end doubting as to whether I was mad, or they themselves were mad, or that all of us were living in "a mad, mad world."

One official living in a North Queensland town had an experience not altogether dissimilar, but which he found apparently more difficulty in accepting with equanimity. His wife had pre-

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sented him with a first-born son and heir, and with pardonable pride he essayed to inform the world of the great event. Alas, in the "make up" a foreign line for some produce returns found its way among the notices of what a pawky humorist has called "hatches, matches, and despatches." The astonished world were invited to believe that the wife of So-and-so had brought as her contribution to the weal of the commonwealth a goodly number of sacks of potatoes and onions, and a case of porter!

At one time in Queensland there was a racehorse called "His Lordship." Two telegrams, one relating to me and another to the quadruped, followed each other without break in the columns of a local paper. To the best of my memory the agglomerate paragraph read as follows: "Bishop Frodsham is down with an attack of fever in Cairns. His Lordship is scratched for all events." In fairness it must be said that many of my good friends who read the statement would assume, without any remark, that I had cancelled my engagements, and was notifying the fact in an orthodox fashion through the kindness of the press.

It opens a wide field of inquiry to write about the meaning ecclesiastical terms are likely to carry to minds innocent of any ecclesiastical

HUMOURS IN A COLONIAL BISHOP'S LIFE

knowledge. The first metropolitical visit of the Archbishop of Brisbane to the northern part of his newly-found province coincided with some races in Townsville. Two men were overheard discussing the news of the day on Cluden racecourse, and incidentally they spoke of the names of new additions to the northern racing field. One remarked that he had heard "some talk of an 'Archbishop.'" Did his friend know anything of a horse of that name? The friend confessed his ignorance, at the same time adding that such a name suggested a "hurdle-jumper." What a vista of possibilities does the supposed connection of ideas unfold with regard to the grave and venerable prelates who take precedence of all who are not of the blood royal.

I am almost afraid to say how many of the humours, and annoyances, of a bishop's life in the northern bush are caused by those unlicensed mountebanks called locally "drunks." Australians are the most tolerant and good-humoured people in the world, but I have wondered at the patience with which men bear the noise and loathsome familiarities of these wretched victims of alcoholic disease. No matter how great the provocation, it is extremely rare for a half-drunken man to receive the thrashing he merits, and it is safe to say that if he did receive it public sympathy

A BISHOP'S PLEASAUNCE

would go with the drunken man and not with the sober one. There must be something very attractive to drunken men in a bishop, for all their devious paths seem to lead towards him. And even when for some reason—perhaps because, like Private Mulvaney, the gentleman is “overcome from the belt down”—he cannot follow the bishop to and fro he gives him prominent place in his moidered thoughts. One early morning on the quay of a northern port a crowd was waiting for a tender. There were well-dressed people, wharfside labourers, half-sober cane-cutters, and others, including myself. A pert little child in a high voice asked her mother—“Mummie, how old is God?” The mother rebuked her child, but a more sympathetic cane-cutter walked solemnly across the quay, laid his hand on the child’s arm, and said, pointing to me: “Missie, you ask that bloke in leggings. He’s one of the firm.” I for one saw no designed irreverence—but who can avoid seeing the awful incongruity implied in this piece of sapient advice? I record it because it is illustrative of the humours, and, if I may transpose a word, the pathos, of a bishop’s life.

“Taken as a whole,” wrote Walter Bagehot, “the whole universe is absurd. The soul ties its

HUMOURS IN A COLONIAL BISHOP'S LIFE

shoes. The mind washes its hands in a basin. All is incongruous." So the contrasts beneath the ideals of a bishop's life and the actualities of the world around him are essentially incongruous. They may, in evil case, move him to mockery. They can also stir him to greater sympathy for lives forced into narrow channels and narrow circumstances.

L'ENVOI

“ Home, home from the horizon far and clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep ;
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dovecote doors of sleep.”

—ALICE MEYNELL.

GRATEFUL acknowledgment is hereby made to the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century and After* for allowing me to republish articles dealing with the "Never Never," "Tropical Australia," and "The Foundation of the Church in Australia"; to the Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* for similar kindness with regard to "The Men hemmed in by the Spears," "Such Stuff as Dreams are made of," and "Some Humours in a Bishop's Life"; to the Editor of the *Morning Post* for "An Eighteenth-century Pocket-book"; and to the Editor of the *Saturday Review* for "The Charm of John Wesley's Journal," "Australia and the German Colonies," and "Pig-cheer,"—and unnumbered acts of kindness.

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